POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Ashb. 92
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Dedicated to the

Reverend Dr. DELAUNE, Preſident of St. JOHN's College in OXFORD.

By N. AMHURST, ſometime of the ſame College.

Jacta eſt Alea.

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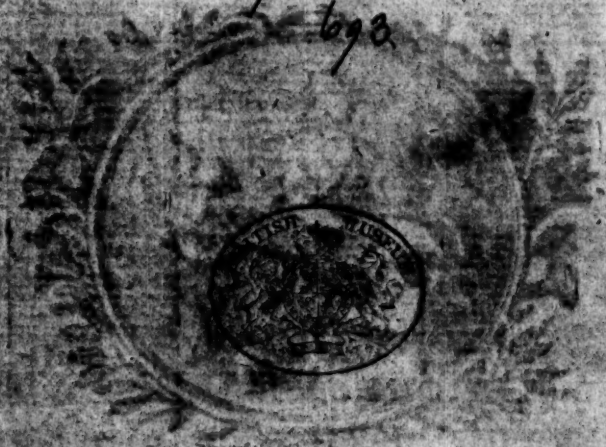

To the Reverend

Dr. DELAUNE,

PRESIDENT

OF

St. John's College in Oxford.

Sir,

I shall not, in this Address to you, act inconsistently with my professed mean opinion of our modern Dedicators and Dedications, since I design to avoid in my self whatever gives me offence in them; I expect no *Guineas*, and there-

fore I hope you will be ſo good as to expect no *Compliments*.

What wholly prevail'd upon me to clap your venerable Name to theſe miſcellaneous *Baſtards* of my brain, was this; I have had for *nine* or *ten* months many things to ſay unto you; and I was willing to let the world know what they were, as well as your ſelf.

Lo! therefore, at your feet, Reverend Sir, I throw the following Collection of my Lucubrations, which were written (moſt of 'em) within your learned Walls, and under your moſt auſpicious Government: you will find it compos'd of Poems, ſacred and prophane, original, paraphraſed, imitated, and tranſlated; Tales, Epigrams, Epiſtles, Love-verſes, Elegies upon departed Friends, and Satires upon living Enemies; it begins with the *Creation of the World*, and ends with the diſcovery of that ingenious utenſil, a *Bottle-ſcrue*.

I humbly make it my requeſt that I may be read with the ſame candour that

my

my co-temporary Authors at OXFORD have been; and that my rhimes may be equally admir'd with others that are equally dull: and I do particularly forbid your *Profeſſor* in this Faculty to criticize on my Works, before he has done the ſame juſtice to his own.

But becauſe I know that he cannot forbear carping and cavilling; I deſign to be even with him, and propoſe to eſtabliſh a very bulky Reputation upon the ruins of his: For this purpoſe I ſhall ſhortly put to the Preſs ſome incomparable Performances, which I have by me, of that orthodox Poet; particularly an excellent new Garland, intitled, *The Hanover Turnip*; a copy of Verſes upon the *Chevalier's Picture*, and another upon the death of the *young Prince*, in which he proves the *exit* of that *Whiggiſh* young Rogue to be the greateſt Bleſſing the Nation ever received; but he will be eaſily forgiven this little Peccadillo by *thoſe perſons* who ought to reſent it, having lately experienced their good nature in a much

much greater inſtance. How happy are ſome men, whoſe Enemies prove their Friends! and how unhappy are others, whoſe Friends prove their Enemies!

If any perſon in the Univerſity has any Pieces by him, that compliment the *Church*, or vilify the *Revolution*, let him direct 'em to me in my Garret at Mr. *Franeklin*'s (not *Curll*'s, as ſome perſons have ſuppos'd) in *Fleetſtreet*, and they ſhall be faithfully inſerted.

To return to my own Labours. You will find ſome of 'em that make a little free with your ſacred Order; but as every candid reader will ſuppoſe that I aim at *bad* Clergymen only, I am ſure they cannot give *you* the leaſt uneaſineſs.

This is all I ſhall ſay of the following Collection; I will therefore now throw aſide the Poet, and ſpeak to you in the character of an unhappy young Fellow, who has, by his erroneous Principles, fallen under your heavy Diſpleaſure, and has been *expell'd* from

your

your *Affections*, as well as your *College*.

Don't think, dear Sir, that I am going to charge you with any injuſtice, or even unkindneſs to me: no; on the contrary, I have receiv'd abundance of favours from your hands, and I am reſolv'd to acknowledge them.

In the firſt place; if ten thouſand kind promiſes to ſerve me to the utmoſt of your power; if repeated declarations of your Concern for my Welfare and Proſperity, are any Obligations, how infinitely am I oblig'd to you? I don't indeed ſay that you ever perform'd any of thoſe numerous Promiſes, or that in any one inſtance you ever ſhew'd that Concern you profeſs'd for me; but I dare not blame you for that; it would be wounding the whole body of *great Men* at once thro' your ſides.

Secondly; It was under your wiſe Adminiſtration, that I firſt arriv'd at any Knowledge in the world. I came to your College a raw, ignorant ſchool-boy, and fooliſhly thought Mankind

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in earneſt in what they profeſſed; I took Liberty for a *real* Bleſſing, and Religion for the *real* Worſhip of God; I often remember how ſcrupulous I was in the moſt *common* concerns of Life; with what awful dread I took an Oath, and with what tremendous veneration I receiv'd the Sacrament: but how much I am improved for the *better* ſince, let my *worſt* Enemies bear witneſs.

I raſhly judg'd of Religion by the Works it produc'd, and of its Profeſſors by the ſanctity of their Behaviour; but I am now convinc'd of a great Truth, namely, that Faith and a good Life are utterly independent of each other, and that a Tree may bring forth *bad* Fruit, without fear of being *hewn down and caſt into the Fire.*

It is likewiſe, under your excellent Adminiſtration, that I made my ſelf Maſter of a pipe of Tobacco, a Bottle, and a Syllogiſm: I got acquainted with abundance of *crabbed* Names and *metaphyſical* Gentlemen, who formerly gave me terrible apprehenſions; but after

after a little converſation with them, I found them to be very civil, harmleſs Fellows, and ſo far from having any *bad* meaning, that they had really *no* meaning at all: indeed they have been made the tools of very wicked Men, and for very wicked purpoſes; but ſo have many *non-meaning* Blockheads as well as they.

To you, Sir, and to the *learned old Woman, my Mother*, I am alſo indebted for the title and privileges of a *Gentleman*: when I came to the Univerſity, I thought my ſelf a vile *Plebeian*; but I am told that a liberal Education intitles me to a liberal Character, and accordingly I have now clapt on a *Sword*, a *Tye-Wig*, and a *laced Hat*, and keep company with the beſt Gentlemen in the County ---- Indeed I am my ſelf, by *Birth*, a ſort of a Gentleman, for my Father was a Country *Grazier*, and my Grandfather, a Country *Parſon*, which is (you will ſay) no mean Extraction; but *vix ea noſtra voco*, and methinks I would ſet up, on a ſtock of my own.

Nor ought I to forget the good advice and many kind warnings you were pleaſed to give me: You fairly told me beforehand, that I did not take the right way to a Fellowſhip in YOUR College; that, if I expected any friends there, I muſt not follow my own wild opinions, nor my own hair-brain'd judgment: You told me that I had the character of a *turbulent*, *obſtinate*, *malicious*, *ill-natur'd* Fellow; and (what is ſtill worſe than all, ſaid you) that I was inclin'd to *Infidelity*: upon which I ſaid within my ſelf, *How good and joyful a thing it is for* Brethren *to dwell together in Unity?*

Happy had it been for me, if I had followed your advice! but inſtead of that, like a fool, I got a cock-horſe upon Reaſon, and gallop'd away in romantick ſearch of a fair Lady, called *Truth*, whom after many tedious journies, and obſtinate encounters by the way, I found at laſt in a large Caſtle, guarded by a numerous Regiment of *black* Giants, who told me that ſhe was

their Priſoner, and that it was in vain for me to attempt her reſcue. They told me farther, that they and their predeceſſors had kept her there for *above a thouſand years*, and had levied upon Mankind immenſe ſums of Money for maintaining them in religious ignorance; which they conſtantly paid with great *thankfulneſs* and *humility*.

Theſe and ſeveral other ſuch like favours have I received from *You* and my *academical* Step-mother: there are alſo ſeveral other things which Fleſh and Blood aſſured me were very bad uſage; but I comforted my ſelf under them with the thought of what a merry Friend of mine ſays, that it is *for the good of our* Souls, *that you uſe our* Bodies *ſo ill*: I am glad that the Parſons in this one inſtance come ſo near the Almighty, whom they are hir'd to imitate, and *chaſten whom they love*; ſure they muſt love me dearly well! I rejoice in their kind ſeverities; for let them but ſuffer me to make the beſt of

the *next world*, I care not how miſerable they make me in *this*.

You will pardon me, good Sir, if I think it neceſſary for your Honour to mention the many heinous crimes for which I was brought to ſhame. None were indeed publickly alledged againſt me at that time, becauſe it might as well be done afterwards; ſure *old Engliſhmen* can never forget, that there is ſuch a thing in the world as hanging a Man firſt, and trying him afterwards: ſo far'd it with me; my Proſecutors firſt proved me, by an undeniable Argument, to be no Fellow of St. JOHN's College, and then to be---the Lord knows what.

My Indictment, as it is collected out of the faithful Annals of common Fame, runs thus.

Advices from OXFORD *ſay, that on the 29th of* June, 1719, *one* NICHOLAS AMHURST *of St.* JOHN's *College was expell'd for the following Reaſons:*

Imprimis,

Imprimis, For loving *foreign* Turnips and *Presbyterian* Biſhops.

Item, For believing that *Steeples* and *Organs* are not abſolutely neceſſary to ſalvation.

Item, For Ingratitude to his Benefactor, that ſpotleſs Martyr, St. WILLIAM LAUD.

Item, for *Preaching* without Orders, and *Praying* without a Commiſſion.

Item, For lampooning *Prieſtcraft* and *Petticoatcraft*.

Quam benè conveniunt & in unâ ſede *morantur?*

Item, For *not* lampooning the *Government* and the *Revolution*.

Item, For prying into *ſecret Hiſtory*.

Item, To prevent the ſame.

My natural Modeſty will not permit me, like other Apologiſts, to vindicate my ſelf in any one particular; the whole Charge is ſo artfully drawn up, that no reaſonable perſon would think

think

ever the *better* of me, ſhould I juſtify my ſelf till Doomſday.

——Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

I am willing to ſubmit to any accuſation which ſo candid and impartial a perſon as *common Fame* ſhall bring againſt me; for tho' ſhe has made but a ſcurvy ſort of a Blade of me; yet if her Reports will be allow'd to be authentick, there are *other Perſons* in the world as bad as my ſelf.

And therefore, like other polite Malefactors, I heartily forgive my Accuſers, and confeſs that I deſerv'd the puniſhment I ſuffer'd: I am now ſufficiently convinc'd of the folly and ſottiſhneſs of Freethinking; and were it poſſible for me to live over my days again, no body ſhould accuſe me of too little Faith; no, I would believe even to ſupererogation, and make it the ſole buſineſs of my Life to bolt new Myſteries out of Scripture, and new points of

Faith

Faith more difficult and abſtruſe than thoſe already impos'd upon Mankind, to ſhew how good a Churchman I could be; and how much I could outſtrip even the *Athanaſian* Believers.

I can ſcarce forgive my ſelf for my childiſh Behaviour whilſt I was under your Power and Diſpoſal: what had I to do with the Quarrels of the Clergy, or the Authority of the Convocation, or the Divinity of your Oxford Ladies? Blockhead as I was! Why could not I believe every thing, pay no body, and live in as much Reputation as my Neighbours?

My Eyes are now open, and the ſtupidity of my late Conduct glares me full in the face; I ſee the fool-hardineſs of oppoſing popular Arguments and eſtabliſhed Opinions; and what mortifies me moſt is, that altho' I am convinc'd of an error, yet is it too late to repent.

Here, methinks, you interrupt me with that notable ſaying in your mouth, *nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via*: Pho!

Pho! Doctor, that's all fooliſh, antiquated ſtuff! Our modern Ethicks ſay, that it is too late to repent, when it is too late to get any thing by it. Very well, ſay you; but pray, Sir, is not *Virtue its own Reward?* O fie, Doctor! worſe and worſe ſtill; Hunger, Thirſt, and Nakedneſs are but poor Rewards, and (in my opinion) worſe than none at all.

I hope all young Men will take warning from me, how they meddle with ſpiritual *Edge Tools*, and eccleſiaſtical *Prize-fighters*. Who, but a Fool or a Madman, would have his Pockets pick'd, or his Bones broken; or be turn'd out of a good Place, or into a naſty Gaol merely for *thinking* like one *in his Senſes?* We were ſome time ago aſſured by a very great and reverend Perſon, that *Freethinking is not now the way to Preferment*; and has not he made his word good? Are not the greateſt Bigots and Blockheads made the greateſt *Pluraliſts?* Are not the beſt *Parſonages*, and the fatteſt *Sine Cures* the Reward

ward of Lazineſs and Ignorance? If this is not a good Argument againſt *thinking freely*, I would know what is.

Beſides, *Freethinking* is unfaſhionable, and makes a Man look ſingular in all Company; it puts him to the continual fatigue of proving white to be white, and black to be black, for which he is ſure to be heartily pitied and deſpis'd.

The whole world is govern'd by a *majority*: A powerful Monarch thinks it a good argument for clapping up a Peace with all convenient ſpeed. The ſame weighty argument has induc'd many an holy Paſtor to forſwear himſelf, and comply with the *neceſſity* of the Times. In ſhort, it makes Kings and Parliament Men; ſettles Money Bills and Articles of Faith.

Another good argument againſt *thinking freely*, or (which is juſt the ſame) againſt *thinking at all*, is, that it impairs the Conſtitution, debilitates the Nerves, renders the Countenance ſallow and wrinkled, is a great nouriſher

of the Vapours, and very much incapacitates young Fellows for the ſociety of Ladies. This argument has of late done great ſervice to the Church at OXFORD.

Laſtly, *Freethinking* is apt to make Men think contemptuouſly of Excommunication, and Abſolution, and Benediction, and Paſſive Obedience, and Hereditary Right, and Per--y, and --- other ſuch like *Apoſtolical* Doctrines of the Church.

Theſe few, but unanſwerable arguments will, I hope, be of ſome uſe to ſtop the growing miſchiefs of *Reaſon* and private *Enquiry*; I have felt the ſmart of them my ſelf, and would ſhew others the Rock upon which I ſplit: all that I can do farther towards this pious end, is to make a publick Recantation of my Errors, which I freely do in the following words.

Whereas I N. A. *formerly Member of St.* JOHN's *College in* OXFORD, *and now Citizen of the wide World, have, by ſome late*

late poisonous Writings, been unwarily and fatally misled into divers heretical and damnable Opinions, inconsistent with the Prosperity of the visible *Church of* England, *and* her visible *Governors, by professing an ill-grounded Zeal for the* invisible *Church and her* invisible *King; and whereas, in consequence of this unhappy Delusion, I thought my self at liberty to make use of those faculties and abilities which God Almighty had given me, impiously presuming that he had given them me for the same purpose; I do hereby publickly, solemnly, and totally renounce, retract, abjure, and forever disclaim the aforesaid damnable Doctrines and Opinions; and I do most humbly intreat the* Convocation *to pardon (if it be venial) this great and heinous Offence, faithfully promising that I will for the future conform my self to all their Doctrines, Opinions, Declarations, Interpretations, and Decisions whatsoever, however seemingly unjust in themselves, or palpably contradictory to each other, in defiance of my own* Reason *and* private Judgment, *as becomes a*

good Churchman, and a ſtrenuous Contender for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

N. Amhurst.

Having made this ample Recantation, I expect from henceforward to be look'd upon and treated as a ſound *Believer*, and to reap all the Privileges and Advantages which belong to that glorious Character; I expect that no body will think the worſe of me, if I looſen a little the Reins of my Life, ſince I have ſtraiten'd thoſe of my Faith; and if I ſhould be accidentally caught tripping in any of the modiſh Frailties of Fleſh and Blood, that I may be excus'd, as other great and orthodox Sinners have been, in this kind manner; *Well, well, for all that, the young Man has ſound Principles, and hates the Biſhop of* Bangor.

I cannot forbear mentioning, upon this occaſion, that my preſent happy Converſion is in a great meaſure owing to the late ingenious Writings of the Reve-

Reverend Dr. *H---re*, which make the deeper Impreſſion upon me, becauſe he was once in the ſame Errors with my ſelf, tho' he has not thought fit to retract them *formally* as I have done: but as I have now liſted my ſelf under him, I hope no body will be ſurpriz'd if I ſhould tack about again, provided the *irreſiſtible Importunities* of Self-intereſt and the Convocation ſhould make it neceſſary; being convinc'd that *Occaſional Conformity* is not a Doctrine belonging to *one* ſett of Men only, but that it is grown conſiſtent with the Characters of our beſt *Churchmen*.

Thus have I reconcil'd my ſelf to the Church again; and to convince you that I ſincerely believe you enter'd unwillingly into the meaſures of my Excluſion, give me leave to acquaint the World with what, I have heard, you were pleaſed to do in my favour.

I am informed, and pretty credibly too, that when Complaints began to multiply and grow loud againſt me, you did, in your great Goodneſs, con-

deſcend

descend to write a Letter to a certain reverend Relation of mine, to acquaint him with my Behaviour, and the Character I labour'd under, desiring at the same time his Advice *what to do with me*; and that you put it in his Power to keep me in my Fellowship, or to turn me out of it. What was the Consequence is well enough known: but I must observe that this Procedure was, tho' honestly and candidly designed, very inconsistent with Truth and Justice: for if, by my Conduct, I did either actually deserve, or, in your Conscience, seem'd to deserve, what I have since suffer'd, I ought to suffer it, whether the *usual* Tenderness of a near Relation interceded in my behalf or not; and, on the other side, if I did not deserve it, neither ought I to have suffer'd it, tho' my *own Father* concurr'd in the Sentence against me. But I believe you were led into this, by your unwillingness to disoblige an old Friend who *keeps a good House*, and has *good Wine* in his Cellar.

I am

I am farther informed that you have ſince waited upon this reverend Gentleman, to notify unto him what was done againſt me, and how loth you were to comply with it upon his account; and that you found him ſo perfectly ſatisfied with your Conduct, and ſo inveterately enrag'd againſt me, that he declar'd in the moſt ungentle manner, *He car'd not what became of me.* Hei mihi!

As you are a Perſon of great Candour, and equal Integrity, I will charitably ſuppoſe that you play'd no falſe Play; but that you uſed no unjuſt Arts to rob me of the Affections of ſo *valuable* a Friend; but that you repreſented my Caſe to him in the faireſt and moſt impartial manner: I will ſuppoſe this, tho' I have been told to the contrary.

If you dealt honeſtly with me, and honourably with him, you aſſured him that it was ſolely on account of my obnoxious Opinions that I loſt my Fellowſhip; or that, if you aggravated my bad Principles with bad Practices,

you

you assur'd him you never did nor ever will admit so *immoral* a Person as my self into *your* College whilst you *govern* it: if you did thus, no doubt you will stand by it, and then I will acquit you with all my Heart.

The pravity and sinfulness of my Opinions I have sufficiently confess'd and repented of in my Recantation; and as for Morality, I hope no body can charge me with violating that part of it which relates to *Friendship*, *Honour*, and *common Honesty*; if I have been less careful of that, which injures my self only, it is a frailty that is common to Humanity, and almost inseparable from it: perhaps I now and then *take my Glass too freely*, or *kiss a pretty Woman in a Corner*; but I pay *my Debts* honestly, and *defraud no body*. I wish I had not, at this time, instances before my Eyes of Men most notoriously guilty of *dishonest*, *knavish* Immorality; which, in my Creed, is much the worse of the two.

I know

I know a certain Perſon in the world, who was left *Guardian* to a young Woman, who is ſince married; and tho' the greateſt Importunity has been made, for above *four* Years, to get her Fortune out of the Hands of this *unjuſt Steward*, yet all has proved ineffectual: What makes this piece of Barbarity ſtill more barbarous, is, that her Husband was a young Man and a *Tradeſman* then juſt ſet up; ſo that the Money would have been of the greateſt Advantage to him; and this fraudulent Detention of it has already prov'd of the greateſt Diſadvantage. I do not deſign to point out the Perſon now, becauſe I hope he will take this Hint and pay the Money; otherwiſe I am reſolv'd to ſet forth all the Circumſtances, and produce him publickly, even tho' he ſhould be found (which God forbid!) within your own Walls. He is a Perſon long ſince *infamous* for ſuch inhuman Practices.

But to return to my dear ſelf once more. I have indeed been a very naughty Boy; but, in my Lay-Opi-

nion, I have done pretty ample Penance for all my Offences: I have loſt a *good* Fellowſhip, and (which was much more valuable to me) your *good Opinion*; my Enemies inſult my Misfortunes, and even my Friends blame my Imprudence for bringing them upon my ſelf; the *firſt* look upon me as a Bigot to the *worſt* of Principles; and the *laſt* as a Betrayer of the *beſt*, by maintaining them in too great a Latitude, and with too much Openneſs: Theſe *pity* me, and thoſe *deſpiſe* me; nay (to tell you a Secret) I began to deſpiſe my ſelf, 'till I had made *my Peace* again with the Church.

I was particularly unfortunate in the Diſpleaſure of a *pretty female Relation*, who (upon hearing that I was *expell'd* from the *Univerſity*; for that is our Country Phraſe) exclaim'd with ſome Vehemence, that ſhe was ſorry I ſhould bring ſuch a Diſgrace upon the FAMILY! Now as I ought to be as much concern'd for the Honour of the AMHURSTIAN Family as this fair Lady; I have

ſeriouſly taken it into my Conſideration, how my *Excluſion* could poſſibly bring any Diſgrace upon it; and after Examination find quite the contrary to what this fair Kinſwoman of mine implicitly alledges to be true: for

1. The Honour of our Houſe is ſo well eſtabliſhed by our Predeceſſors, who (it is well known) were Heroes, and Patriots, and Lovers of their Country in the worſt of Times, and knock'd down Giants, and ſlew Dragons; that it is out of the Power of any of its corrupt Deſcendants to bring any real Diſgrace upon it.

2. Lord have Mercy upon many of the nobleſt Families in *England*, if the Vices of the preſent Generation are any Blots to the original Stock it ſelf.

3. On the contrary, ſuppoſing I have degenerated from the Virtues I am Heir to; yet my *Excluſion*, inſtead of bringing a Diſgrace upon my Family, is the beſt Juſtification of it. I would aſk any reaſonable Chriſtian, whether the Fall of the Apoſtate Angels brought any Diſ-

grace upon the *Angelick Family*? Or whether it would not have rather ſeemed a Diſgrace to it, if they had not fell. Thus, had I continued in the high and eminent Station of a Fellow of St. JOHN's College in OXFORD, I might indeed have brought Diſgrace upon my Family; but being caſt down from thence, into the low and groveling Condition, in which I now am, it is impoſſible for me to do it, and my *worthy* Relations need be under no Apprehenſions upon my account.

Your Goodneſs, Sir, will pardon this Digreſſion, and will not, I believe, think it wholly impertinent: but you will obſerve, how apt Authors are to contradict themſelves; I ſet out with aſſuring you, that I would not, like other Dedicators, make you any Compliments; and yet, by confeſſing ſuch an heap of Iniquities, have I made you the greateſt Compliment that the moſt fulſome Wretch in this Art could poſſibly invent. How much ought that Man to be reſpected (eſpecially by the *Clergy* and the

Ladies)

Ladies) who remov'd such a Nuisance out of a polite and christian Society.

But I must complain of one thing; whether reasonably or not, let the World judge: when I was voted out of your College, and the Nuisance was thereby remov'd; I thought the Resentments of the *holy ones* would have proceeded no farther; I am sure the Cause of Virtue and sound Religion (which I was thought to offend) required no more; nor could it be of any possible Advantage to the Church to descend into my private Affairs, and stir up my Creditors in the University to take hold of me at a Disadvantage, before I could get any Money return'd to pay 'em; but there are some Persons in the World, who think nothing unjust or inhuman in the Prosecution of their implacable Revenge.

As this is a very material Circumstance of my Life, and of the temper of *some others*, I will give the Reader a short account of this matter truly and impartially, as I will attest it upon my Honour

Honour or my Oath, if ſo vile a Fellow may be believ'd in either.

I was diſmiſs'd from College on *Monday* the 29th of *June*; the next Day I went fourteen or fifteen Miles into *Berkſhire* to ſee a Relation, where I ſtaid till the *Friday* following: I had before ſent for Money to diſcharge all my Debts at OXFORD, being appriz'd of the Deſign of turning me out of College. On *Saturday* Morning Mr. *W.* my Mercer called upon me at my Lodgings, and aſk'd me how long I ſhould ſtay in Town; I anſwer'd, 'till I receiv'd a Bill for Money to pay what I owed there, and no longer. He went away ſeemingly well ſatisfy'd, and neither aſk'd me for Money, nor deliver'd me his Bill, nor indeed had he written it out: but when I came home to my Lodgings at Night, the Chamberlain told me that Mr. *Cox* the Sergeant had enquir'd for me. The next Morning I ſent for him, and deſired to know his Buſineſs, and he told me he had a Writ againſt

me

me at the Suit of Mr. *W.* but it being *Sunday* did not ſerve it. By this time I had receiv'd a Note for Money payable at Sight, which (as things it ſeems were order'd) brought me Liberty along with it. I then waited upon Mr. *W.* and enquir'd of him the Reaſon of ſuch uncommon a Proceeding. In anſwer to which, with the utmoſt Confuſion and Marks of Sorrow, he told me that he was inſtigated to it by *Perſons of my own College*, who aſſured him, that if he ever expected his Money, he muſt arreſt me immediately; for, ſaid they, he will go off privately to morrow morning, will pay no body, nor will ever be heard of again, for he deſigns to *go into the Army*; which you know, Sir, at OXFORD, ſignifies the ſame as running away. I ſhew'd him my Note, and offer'd to leave it with him, which he refuſed, deſiring to be forgiven this raſh and ſilly Action in the moſt paſſionate manner; he profeſs'd that he had rather have cut off his right Hand than have

done it, and was overjoy'd that the Writ was not ſerv'd, with much more to the ſame effect; and often repeated it, that he ſhould never have done it, if *ſome Perſons of my own College* had not urged him to it.

Herein again, Sir, I perfectly acquit you, well knowing that you have too much Humanity and Good-Nature to be engag'd in ſo mean-ſpirited an Action; your Friendſhip for the Reverend Gentleman my Relation, whom I juſt now mention'd, would not have ſuffer'd you to do it, were there no other Motive: but beſides that, I am confident you are too well acquainted with the World, not to know that if *every one* were to be ſerved in the ſame rigid manner, they might not come off quite ſo well as I did.

Now I am making my Complaints to you, another thing comes into my Head, which I think very hard, if it be true.

I am told that you had Information of ſome of the moſt material Secrets of my

my Life, from *a Quarter*, where you ought leaſt to *expect*, or I to *fear* it. I could not ſuſpect the Perſon, I mean, to be capable of ſuch diſingenuous Dealing; neither did I ſuſpect that I had any Enemy in the World, who would ſtoop ſo low as to encourage it. But what ſhall we ſay? *Birds of a Feather*, &c. ſays a good old Proverb.

It is ſome Conſolation to me under all my Misfortunes, that I am not the only Perſon, who has ſuffer'd for heterodox Opinions in Oxford; I have ſeen with my own Eyes many a young Fellow deny'd his *Degree* upon this Account; I have ſeen them hated, calumniated and inſulted in the moſt diſcouraging manner; ſome have been expell'd before *me*, and we have one remarkable inſtance ſince, how zealous the reverend Heads of Colleges are to pluck up *Hereſy* by the Roots, and purge away the laſt Dregs of thoſe pernicious Principles which muſt otherwiſe end in the Ruin of the *beſt conſtituted Church in the World*.

You, Sir, in a particular manner deſerve our Thanks, for your many ſtrenuous Pulpit-Attacks upon thoſe two troubleſome *Hereſiarchs*, *common Senſe* and the Biſhop of *B---r*: I do not mention *common Honeſty*, tho' he is ſorely ſuſpected of Ill-will to the Church, becauſe he has not as yet been formally excommunicated;

Quod diu multumque deſideratum.

I hope what I have ſaid is ſufficient to vindicate my ſelf from a Report, that I am the Author of a late ſcandalous Libel, called, *A Letter from a Student in Grubſtreet to a Reverend High-Prieſt and Head of a College in* OXFORD, &c. which, ſome People, ſuppos'd was levell'd at you: I proteſt to you, Doctor, with one Hand laid orthodoxly upon my Heart, and both my Eyes ſtrain'd up to Heav'n in a very religious manner, that *I know nothing of the matter*, nay, I would ſwear it, were I not well aſſur'd that no body will preſume to queſtion

the bare Word of one who liv'd *three* Years (under the Influence of your good Example) in a College where *Lying* and *falſe Witneſs* are ſo exemplarily puniſh'd and diſcourag'd.

I am glad to hear that ſtrict Enquiry is made after the Author and Printer of that villainous Libel, and that the Proſecution of them is undertaken by ſuch able Hands as that eminent Biblio-pole, the worthy Mr. *J---h B--y--r*, and the Right Reverend ———

Let me conclude with aſſuring you that however deſpicably you may think of me, I will ſtill retain the ſame good Opinion of you, that I ever had, and will not fail to pay my Reſpects to you whenever an Opportunity offers; nay, I will frame Opportunities on purpoſe, rather than be wanting in this particular.

That you may long live a Pattern of Learning and Piety to our famous Univerſity; that St. JOHN's College may long enjoy ſo faithful a Steward and indulgent a Father; that as a Re-

ward for your Virtues, you may taste all the good things of this World, and late, (ah! very late) receive the *Fruits of your Labours* in another, is the constant and hearty Prayer of,

Reverend Sir,

Your most oblig'd,

most obedient,

most devoted, and

most grateful, humble Servant,

N. AMHURST.

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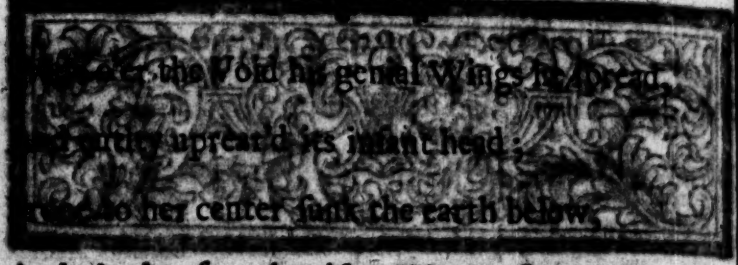
THE

THE MOSAICAL CREATION.

A Paraphraſe on the firſt Chapter of Geneſis.

IN the dark Backward of ſix thouſand years,
(So *Moſes* writes and all our chriſtian Seers)
The World, a rude, unfaſhion'd *Embryo* lay,
Eternal Night, without a glimpſe of Day,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, in one blind *Chaos* thrown,
And years, and months, and days, were names unknown,
'Till God mark'd out th' interminable ſpace,
And ſtamp'd Creation on the formleſs maſs;



And o'er her face the rising Waters flow.

Let there be Light, said God; and sudden light
Sprung from the Deep, and burst the womb of night;
Dreadful it gleam'd along the barren Waste,
Hell startled, and old *Chaos* stood aghast;
From the dusk gloom he call'd the chearful light,
Prescrib'd it's bounds, and wing'd it for the flight.
God saw, approv'd, and bless'd the spreading Ray:
And the *first* Ev'ning clos'd the *first-created* Day.

Again th' Almighty said; let us prepare
A wide expanse of undulating Air;
And let it be, the Waters to remove
Beneath the firmament, from those above;
He spoke benign; and with his outstretch'd hand
Establish'd the immutable command:

Forthwith thin vapours from the gulph arise,
Cloud after cloud, and thicken into Skies;
God saw and bless'd: while choral Angels play,
And crown with joyful hymns the *second* Day.

Still was the earth in ambient oceans drown'd,
Nor knew the waters their appointed bound:
When thus again Heav'ns all-sufficient Lord
Thro' the dark Void pronounc'd his pow'rful word;
Hear and obey, ye waters, that below
The firmament in wild disorder flow;
Be gather'd into one capacious bed,
And let *Dry land* upheave her naked head:
Th'Almighty thus; and sudden at the word,
Obedient down the hills the torrents pour'd;
Thro' porous veins impetuous waters sweep,
And headlong croud into a chrystal heap:
Low sunk beneath the hollow'd earth provides
An ample basin for the rushing tides.

Emerging hills, and broken rocks ariſe
And lift their craggy ſummits to the skies.
God ſaw it, and confirm'd the wiſe decree,
He nam'd the Dry-land, Earth; the Waters, Sea:
And ſaid, let luſty verdure cloathe the earth,
And let the fields conceive a various birth;
Let tender Graſs, and painted Flow'rs ariſe,
And to the ſeaſon truſt their gaudy Dies;
Let lofty Trees their ſhady honours ſpread,
And fragrant Herbs perfume the ſpringing Mead.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the quick'ning ground
Spontaneous ſmil'd, with vernal beauties crown'd:
Flow'r, Herb, and Graſs, ariſe; and o'er the Plain
Mature for harveſt waves the bearded grain;
Unplanted trees drive deep their branching roots,
Spread in the air, and bend with golden fruits.
God ſaw it, that 'twas good, and bleſs'd it all,
And the *third* day beheld the ſhadows fall.

Again, ſaid God; let radiant Orbs appear
Thro' the wide kingdoms of the Hemiſpheres,
Alternate day and darkneſs to divide,
And o'er the ſeaſons of the year preſide.

And God created two vaſt Orbs of light,
To bear dividual rule by day and night:
And firſt the Sun, an huge, unweildy ſphere
He fixt aloft, to lead the circling year;
To ſpread around his luſtre, and beſtow
Prolific influence on the world below.
To the bright Car he join'd the flaming horſe,
Furniſh'd with light; and pointed out his courſe:
With gen'rous courage, from the barrier freed,
O'er the wide azure, bounds th' æthereal ſteed;
'Till from afar he views the leſs'ning Eaſt,
And haſtens down the ruddy-colour'd Weſt;
There forms, in halcyon waves, a downy bed,
To reſt his weary limbs, and quench his burning head.

Oppoſ'd

Oppos'd to him the silver Moon displays
Her spotted Orb, and burns with fainter rays;
With level'd aspect views his golden urn,
Feasts on his beams, and fills her famish'd horn;
Which the Almighty fashion'd, to preside
O'er winds and waves, and rule the angry tide;
With spangling Stars to join her trembling light,
And share the gloomy empire of the night:
Of spangling Stars sprung forth, at his command,
And roll'd their destin'd orbs, a num'rous band;
Darkness repuls'd, day scarce could night outvye,
And on the World bestow a brighter sky.
God saw, approv'd and bless'd what he had made,
And the *fourth* day receiv'd the falling shade.

And God said, let the fruitful Waters teem,
And moving creatures glide thro' evry stream;
Let feather'd Fowl thro' fluid kingdoms fly,
And with their pinions fan the floating sky.

He ſpoke; and ſtrait the pregnant Seas brought forth
And ev'ry billow teem'd a ſcaly birth.
The huge Leviathan from ſide to ſide
Tumbled along, and flounc'd the thundring tide.
On the ſmooth Calm the arching Dolphins play,
And ſhape, in ſportive chace, their liquid way.
While *Embryo* Fowl diſtend the tepid Shells,
Mature for life, and burſt their ſcanty cells;
Or loofly rang'd, or firmly wedg'd they riſe,
A feather'd cloud, and blacken half the Skies.
The ſtrong-pounc'd *Eagle*, with unwearied ſight,
Tow'rs the bright ſun to his meridian height.
The elegiac *Nightingale* prepares
Her ev'ning ſong, and ſinks in ſolemn airs.
The *Lark* melodious, poiz'd on level'd wings,
Hangs in mid air, and briſker carols ſings;
Borne on the breeze her ſilver warblings float,
And the Creator ſwells in ev'ry note.

The crested Cock, with a majeſtick mien,
Pains his ſhril voice, and ſtruts along the Green.
With leathern oars the ſilver Swan divides
The lake, and proudly o'er the mirrour rides.
While that fair bird, whoſe varied plumes unfold
Myriads of ſtarry eyes, and gems of Gold,
With conſcious pride ſpreads forth his gorgeous train,
And with brocaded Pinions ſweeps the plain.
God ſaw that it was good; and, gracious, ſaid,
(In mantling thunder and in winds aray'd)
Be fruitful, O! ye creatures, that repair
On painted Wings thro' Fields of buoyant Air;
Be fruitful, O! ye creatures, that divide
The reſtleſs Waves, and cleave the briny tide;
Female, and male increaſe; with genial ſeed
Repleniſh ev'ry ſtream, and multiply your breed.
While yet he ſpoke, the youthful Sun deſcends,
And the *fifth* day in gloomy darkneſs ends.

Once more th' Almighty ſaid; let fruitful Earth
Unfold her womb, and teem with num'rous birth:
Let cattle in the field expect their food,
And ſavage beaſts frequent the lonely wood;
Let reptile animals, a minim race,
And various inſects ſwarm in ev'ry place.
Straitway the earth impregnated conceives,
And the ſwol'n globe with num'rous offspring heaves;
The ſhaggy Lyon, and the briſtled Boar
Riſe into life, and thro' the deſart, roar;
The Ox and Tyger crowd the peaceful plain,
And the fleet Courſer ſhakes his flowing mane;
The vaſt Behemoth, of enormous ſize,
Starts from the glebe, and rolls his glaring eyes;
* Behemoth, largeſt of all nature's race,
With ribs of iron, and with nerves of braſs;

* Job 4. 15.

His loins are ſtronger than the temper'd mail,
And like a cedar moves his length of tail.

Still there remains, ſaid God, the nobleſt part,
The boldeſt effort of *creating Art*:
After our likeneſs let us draw the plan,
And in our image build immortal *Man*;
Man o'er the riches of the earth to reign,
Of trackleſs air, and vaſt unbounded main;
Endow'd with reaſon, and a pow'r to Will,
Inclin'd to good, tho' not reſtrain'd from Ill.

And from the duſt God ſhap'd the human frame,
And in his Noſtrils breath'd the living flame;
Female and Male he ſhap'd them; to command
Earth, air and ſeas, and bleſs his righteous hand;
The brute machine confeſs'd th' informing ray,
And infant Motion warm'd the ſtrugling clay:
Wak'd into life, his eyes begin to roll,
His heart to beat, to meditate his ſoul;

Erect to heav'n he lifts his ardent ſight,
Charm'd with thoſe glorious orbs, and worlds of rolling light.

Female and Male God ſhap'd the human Frame

Incorporate, conſubſtantial, and the ſame;
In the Man's ſide, his conſort, Woman, lay,
Nor yet call'd forth to view the chearful day;
But *Adam* ſlept; for God his eyelids preſs'd,
And took the beauteous Female from his breaſt,
From a ſtol'n *Rib* the ſhining creature roſe,
Freſh, fair, and ſpotleſs as the falling ſnows
Sparkling and gay as the primœval light,
Soft to the touch and lovely to the ſight,
With poliſh'd features, but an artleſs mind,
Unequal fate! to damn and bleſs Mankind.
Like fragrant flowers ſhe breath'd commanding love,
And her eyes glitter'd, like the ſtars above,
Soch arming was the Mother of our Race,
That Angels gaz'd in tranſport on her Face.

When thus, in words which, loud as thunder, broke,
Th' Almighty to his new *Vicegerent* ſpoke;
While liſt'ning Seraphs on each accent hung,
And heav'n high domes with hallow'd *Jos* rung.

" Hail, thou great maſterpiece of skill divine,
" In whom the features of thy Maker ſhine;
" For thee alone this ſpatious globe was made,
" And the dark ſearchleſs plan of nature laid;
" For thee the ſeaſons and the year roll round,
" With beauteous flow'rs and plenteous harveſts crown'd;
" The Wind, ſubſervient to thy grandeur blows,
" Each tree bears fruit, and every river flows;
" For thee is made, whatever may conduce
" To pleaſure, profit, ornament and uſe;
" Fiſh, Fowl and Cattle ſhall obey thy Word,
" And Woman own thee her deſpotick Lord.

" Enrich'd

" Enrich'd with blessings mount thy earthly throne,
" Subject to thy Creator-God alone;
" Female and Male in nuptial bands be join'd,
" Preserve your image and improve your kind.

Thus spake and ceas'd the dread, omnific God,
And up the Heav'n of Heav'ns triumphant rode,
From whence reclin'd the new-born world he view'd,
His handy labour, and pronounc'd it good;
The western Sun now shot a feeble light,
And the *sixth* day was wrapt in shades of night.

The Deſtruction of PHARAOH in the *Red Sea.*

A Paraphraſe on the fourteenth Chapter of Exodus.

STill unrelenting *Pharaoh*'s heart remain'd,
And ſtill the Tyrant in his boſom reign'd;
Moſes in vain ont-ſtretch'd the ſacred rod,
And *Iſrael* groan'd in bondage to their God,
The pow'rful arm of vengeance he defy'd,
Nor could repeated plagues unbend his pride:
With *Flies*, with *Hail* and *Fire* in vain he ſtrove,
And noiſome *Boils*, his ſtubborn heart to move;

The waters roll'd along, a crimſon flood,
And *Nile* her guilty banks diſtain'd with blood,
Locuſts the promiſe of the earth deſtroy,
And *Frogs* and *Lice* his luxuries annoy,
The grazing *Cattle* feel a ſudden wound,
Horſe, Sheep and Camel preſs th' unwholeſom ground,
Thro' *Ægypt*'s coaſts the black'ning clouds ariſe,
And darkneſs, *to be felt*, involves the skies:
But ſtill he trifled with divine command,
And ſcoff'd indignant heav'n's avenging hand;
At length th' Almighty gave th' unwilling ſtroke
To wreſt his *Choſen* from the painful yoke;
Throughout the land, each ſofter method try'd,
Of man and beaſt the guiltleſs *Firſtborn* dy'd,
Alike the court and dungeon mourn'd his hate;
Not *Pharaoh*'s heir eſcap'd the common fate;
From every part promiſcuous cries were heard,
Horrour and univerſal grief appear'd,
And ſudden *Moſes* and his God were fear'd:

Ev'n

Ev'n *Pharaoh* trembled at the direful ill,
And will'd to conquer his obdurate will;
Benumb'd the Tyrant stood with fallen dread,
And thus to *Moſes* and to *Aaron* ſaid.

" To *Canaan* hence, your promis'd land, depart,
" Your God at length has quite unman'd my heart;
" Some power unknown ſeems whiſp'ring in my ear,
" My thoughts are rouz'd and I begin to fear;
" Wherefore no longer to our ruin ſtay,
" And with you bear your flocks and herds away;
" Be gone this very Night, with all your Hoſt,
" And quit for ever this unhappy coaſt,
" If aught be wanting, e'er you quit the land,
" Or gold or raiment, ask it from our hand:
" Go, ſerve that God, whoſe wondrous works we ſee,
" And oh! derive his bleſſing upon me;
" Go, e're it yet repent me of your flight,
" And my Breaſt harden with returning light,

Go,

Go, leſt ſome greater ill we yet endure:
Enough already, we confeſs his pow'r!

His preſſing words the reverend prophets heard,
And bowing from his preſence diſappear'd,
The pleaſing news at *Goſhen* they relate,
And bear the tidings of a better fate:
The *Iſraelite*, from ſervitude releas'd,
Which long had chas'd all comfort from his breaſt,
Exults triumphant with a keen delight,
And ſpeeds to *Canaan* his immediate flight;
With flocks and herds, as ſacred annals ſay,
The joyful thouſands journey on their way;
In awful pomp, the Guardian of their flight,
An Angel rides before by day and night,
By turns in darkneſs ſeen and ſplendid light:
High on a Car of *fire* thro' deſart ſands,
Or a wing'd *cloud* he leads the reſcued Bands.

Mean while the Tyrant's haughtineſs return'd,
And in his breaſt rekindling fury burn'd,
Soon he repented of his coward grace,
And vow'd revenge on *Iſrael*'s hated race,
Each ſoft Idea periſh'd in his mind,
And left gygantick pride and rage behind,
With num'rous armed Hoſts, in dread array,
Wrathful he now purſues them on their way.

When *Iſrael* heard of their approaching foes,
Unrighteous fears in ev'ry tent aroſe,
Thro' devious, lonely wilds they march along,
A reſtleſs, tim'rous and repining throng,
At length the ſtreights of *Chiroth* they obtain,
For ſo did heav'n by * ſtratagem ordain.

To ſtop their flight the Ocean roll'd before,
And foam'd in thundering volumes to the ſhore,

* See the ſecond verſe of this Chapter.

On either hand the tow'ring hills arose,
And close behind advanc'd their vengeful foes;
With foes, with hills and seas, begirt around,
And danger threat'ning their ill-omen'd ground,
" Do we for this, dismay'd with fear, they cry,
" From *Pharaoh*, *Egypt*, and from Bondage, fly?
" And come we hither then to meet our doom,
" To make this desart our inglorious tomb?
" Better, say they, in *Egypt* to remain,
" And patient wear the raging tyrant's chain,
" Better to crouch beneath oppressive hate,
" And all the hardship's of a servile state,
" Than to fall victims by his powerful hand,
" And with our blood enrich the thirsty sand.

Thus *Israel* plain'd, and *Moses* thus reply'd,
" Hush'd be your fears and let your doubts subside,
" Secure in God, for your salvation trust,
" And still believe him to his promise just,

" Ev'n now his thoughts with your deliverance teem,
" Intent his favourite people to redeem,
" This day you will behold his rising might,
" How wise in council, and how strong in fight,
" This day the proud *Egyptian* he o'erthtows,
" And works the tardy vengeance on his foes;
" Go on, as void of danger, void of fear,
" Nor let one causeless Jealousie appear,
" Cease, cease at length, ungrateful to complain
" Of his injustice, who relieves your pain,
" With faithful hopes expect the promis'd coast,
" Since heav'n, propitious heav'n conducts your host.

He spoke and rais'd to heav'n his ardent eye,
Indulgent heav'n receiv'd the prophet's cry,
And thus he answer'd: " With a pow'rful hand
" Far o'er the seas stretch forth thy gifted wand,
" When strait th'obedient waters shall dispart,
" And wave from wave with sudden terror start,

" Rear'd

" Rear'd up in heaps the billows ſhall be ſeen,
" And rolling leave a level ſpace between,
" Thro' which my choſen *Iſraelites* ſhall go,
" And lead to ruin the revengeful foe.

Dreadful he ſpoke, and nodded from his throne;
Doubling thro' air the menial thunders groan,
And trembling earth and heav'n th eternal God-
head own.

Moſes obey'd the dictate of his God,
And o'er the billows ſtretch'd his awful rod,
From right to left the trembling ſeas divide,
And riſe a lympid wall on either ſide,
And ſee! between, to patronize their flight,
An *Area* opens to the wond'ring ſight,
While *Iſrael*'s choſen tribes, a lengthening train,
Securely paſs the intermediate plain,

Pharaoh

Pharaoh purſu'd with unrelenting Hate,
In all his dreadful tyranny and ſtate;
But now behold and fear almighty pow'r,
Behold the vengeance of one fatal hour!

Moſes again outſtretch'd his rod from ſhore,
The Winds are huſh'd, returning waters roar,
The following Hoſts in whelming oceans ſleep,
And horſe and horſeman periſh in the deep.

Then might you ſee, in all his gorgeous pride,
Great *Pharaoh* ſtrugling with the ſtubborn tide,
Then might you hear him curſe his fate in vain,
His pride, ambition and oppreſſive reign,
Too late remorſe upbraids his tortur'd ſoul,
And booming o'er his head the billows roll.

The ſons of *Iſrael* from the banks ador'd
The mighty vengeance of their heav'nly Lord,

His

His Pow'r with joy and wonder they confeſs'd,
And faith reviv'd in ev'ry glowing breaſt,
To heav'n the ſhouts of gratitude they raiſe,
And the wide plains reſound with hymns of praiſe.

Advertiſement.

Advertiſement.

IT is fabulouſly reported, that Sir *Thomas White* (ſometime Lord Mayor of *London*) having been informed in a Dream, that he ſhould found a College for the Education of Youth in Religion and Learning, where *Three* ſeveral Trunks iſſued from *One* Root; came to *Oxford*; and finding ſomething like his Dream near *Gloſter-Hall*, began to build there; but meeting afterwards with three Trees near St. *Bernard*'s College, which more directly anſwered to it, left off building at *Gloſter-Hall*; and purchaſed Ground, and endowed a College there by the Name of St. *John Baptiſt College*. The very ſame Trees (as they tell you) ſcarce at all decay'd in ſo many Years, are ſtill to be ſeen there, and particularly reſpected by the Preſident and Fellows.

Vid. Plot's *Nat. Hiſt. of* Oxfordſh.

THE LEGEND: A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF

Sir *THOMAS WHITE*,

Founder of St. *John's* College in *Oxford*.

—— Καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν. Hom. Il.

For God is also in sleep and dreams advise,
Which he has sent propitious, some great good
Presaging. Milton Par. Lost.

HAil to the Man, whom sacred thirst of fame
Amongst the stars enroll'd a shining name!
In whose great soul *Apollo* fix'd his seat,
And exil'd virtue found a safe retreat:

Who, only to exhauſt, increas'd his ſtore,
And ſpar'd himſelf, that he might give the more!

Say, Muſe, how ſtill his ſacred aſhes live,
And o'er the triumphs of the grave ſurvive:
What bleſſings ſtream'd from his indulgent hand,
Like morning dews, and * ſpread o'er half the land:
How the big embryo's brooded in his mind,
And ſleep confirm'd what heav'n and WHITE deſign'd.

Pardon, great Shade! long ſince from earth retir'd,
The pious tranſport of a youth inſpir'd:
Inſpir'd to ſing in unambitious lays,
A grateful tribute to his *Founder*'s praiſe.

* He was Benefactor to moſt of the Churches and Corporations in *England*.

With silent joy he saw his wealth increase,
New plans of beauty forming in his breast,
And with the same profusion it was given,
He lavish'd the bounteous gifts of heav'n.
Fortune disarm'd contracts a guilty brow,
Forc'd to a justice she rejects with scorn,
To view her power in others misery lost,
Pale want and hunger and in plenty lost,
And charity shakes off her assisted frost.
His thoughts a while unbent from doing good,
Old ocean thus into his ample main
Receives each circling river's copious train,
Nor studious to extend his ancient bounds,
And wholly in reserving his own grounds,
Thro' many a porous, subterraneous way,
Returns each superfluous watery store,
Or pours it back in rich supplies of rain,
To swell the reddening grape, and plump the swelling
grain.

It chanc'd, when ſoft Favonian guſts unty
The ſtiff'ned floods, and warm the frozen ſky;
When genial heats diſtil on every gale,
And various *Flora* paints the bluſhing vale:
The ſmiling ſeaſon call'd our Hero forth,
To view her op'ning blooms, and lab'ring earth:
Silent he ſtrays along the lonely mead,
Where ſhrubs their aromatic fragrance bleed;
His thoughts a while unbent from doing good,
Wrapt in the murmurs of the vocal flood:
When, faint with age, or ſudden cares oppreſs'd,
On the green herb he ſtretch'd his limbs to reſt;
Thick ſhades, obſequious to the call, ariſe,
And a deep ſlumber ſeals his weary eyes;
His fancy ſtill awake; the roving gueſt
Uſurps the throne of reaſon in his breaſt:
Forms great ideas, and religious ſchemes,
A buſy *mime*, and floats in golden dreams.

For ſee! thro' air an angel wings his flight,
Shrin'd in a radiance of æthereal light;
An olive wreath his flaming temples bound,
Which ſeem'd to caſt a breezy ſhade around:
With wings expanded o'er the Hero's head,
In words like theſe the glorious viſion ſaid.

" Hail, pious Man! in ev'ry fortune prov'd
" Wiſe, good, and juſt; by God and man belov'd!
" Diſpatch'd from heav'n I come; what I relate,
" Hear and believe, and ſpeed the birth of fate.

" Where the fam'd *Iſis* laves the verdant ſoil
" With fruitful ſtreams, and crowns the farmer's toil;
" Sacred to learning ſumptuous domes ariſe,
" And heave their hoary ſummits to the ſkies:
" Amid theſe rev'rend piles, the ſeats of worth,
" An elm luxuriant lifts her triple birth;

" Which

" Which heav'n induſtrious planted, to withſtand
" The rage of time, and mock his iron hand:
" In comely rank the ſilver trees upſhoot,
" Share the ſame vital ſap and parent root.
" There ſhalt thou build (for ſo hath heav'n decreed;
" As heav'n injoins, he will reward the deed)
" A ſtately dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
" And ſolid ſtone ſhall bear its quadrate height:
" There infant hands ſhall try the golden lyre,
" And fabrick into ſound the jarring wire:
" There ſhall the Muſe eſſay her tender wings,
" In humble ſtrains, and tremble as ſhe ſings;
" Till, by degrees embolden'd to the flight,
" She ſoars on high, and gains a loftier height.
" From thence ſhall flow a venerable race,
" Vers'd in each art, and form'd with ev'ry grace;
" Men turn'd to ſerve in all degrees of life,
" To limit laws, or quell ſeditious ſtrife;
" To guard the Church, or ſway a ſtormy State,
" For pious counſels fam'd, and cool debate:

" Wh

" Who fond and ſtudious of the public weal,

" [redacted]

" With native freedom bold, deſpiſe the rage,

" Of daring frenzy, and a rebel age.

" Haſte then, great Man, to act as heav'n decreed,

" And to late times tranſmit the godlike deed:

" Let the high dome, immortaliz'd to fame,

" Worthy the *Baptiſt*, bear the *Baptiſt*'s name.

So ſpake the viſion, and reſumes the ſkies,

While downy ſleep forſakes the Hero's eyes;

Still, loſt in extaſy, he ſeems to hear;

Still the ſoft accents murmur in his ear;

Still glow'd his breaſt, with deep attention charm'd;

Still throb'd his heart, with pious ardour warm'd;

His immortal ſoul with eager glory fir'd,

Reſolv'd to execute what heav'n inſpir'd.

The great foundation grows his hourly theme,

And riſing roofs confeſs the golden dream.

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. ADDISON.

Inscrib'd to the

EARL of WARWICK.

IF yet, my Lord, your sorrows find relief,
And a short pause succeeds your weighty grief;
With candour this unwelcome verse peruse,
The last kind office of a grateful Muse:
Nor needs the grateful Muse to court thy ear,
Which sheds for ADDISON a pious tear;
And jointly sorrows, with pathetic rage,
The greatest genius of the greatest age.

Whom

Whom rival-wits with veneration name,
And the foul lips of party durſt not blame.

What ſecret curſe attends the Poet-line?
How have the Muſes urg'd the wrath divine?
Say, holy Sires, is poetry a crime?
Or whence theſe judgments on the ſons of rhime?
Why are the nobleſt ſpirits ſnatch'd away
In their full blaze of intellectual day,
While crouds of worthleſs drones are left behind,
Grown white with years, the lumber of mankind,
That loll, fat Canons, in ſome lazy ſtall,
Or thoughtleſs ſleep within a College wall?
To its full length they ſtretch the mortal ſpan,
Nor loſe a moment of the age of man;
But dully dreaming out their vital ſtore,
Drop ripe into their graves, and are no more.

Scarce have our tender ſorrows ceas'd to flow
For courtly GARTH, and ſoft-complaining ROWE,

Like Ovid witty one; in one compire
Otway's prevailing art, and Lucan's fire:
Both these together drain'd our lavish eyes;
Will not *two* Poets in a year suffice?
Shall twelve short months an age's woes ingrois,
And Addison complain the Nation's loss?
Who then in worthy numbers shall record
The future, glorious deeds of Brunswick's sword?
Who rise, and stem the follies of the age,
Or, first new-inform the *British* stage?
With foreign flores enrich his native land,
Or deign to yoke the Bards his willing hand?
Great as he was, the Monarch of the Bays,
Plac'd far above the reach of mortal praise;
In every thought tho' wit divine appear,
Yet aw'd by modest dread and cautious fear,
Seldom (too seldom) did he put it forth,
Still most ambitious to conceal his worth;

Stunn'd with applauding crowds, he check'd his flight,
And, wearied with admirers, fear'd to write;
In his own praiſe he felt a painful ſhame,
And bluſh'd at the abundance of his fame.

So the fair virgin with confuſion hears
Her charms extoll'd, and ſhuts her tortur'd ears;
From the encomiums of the youth ſhe flies,
And ſtrives to hide the luſtre of her eyes.

From this great maſter of poetick art,
Ye num'rous Bards that ſwarm in ev'ry part,
And with laborious nonſenſe load the preſs,
Learn to contemplate more, and ſcribble leſs:
Learn, from this great example, to command
Your thirſt of fame, and ſtop an itching hand:
Think not that wit in bulky volumes lies,
(Alas! what witleſs volumes daily riſe!)
Oft is it wanting in a thouſand lines,
And often in a ſingle couplet ſhines.

While others on a part of learning dwell,
Proud in one single science to excel,
And as the scatter'd Stars adorn the sky,
In diff'rent arts their diff'rent talents try;
Nor aim at more; great ADDISON alone,
No branch of human knowledge left unknown;
But like the Sun inimitably bright,
Shone with collected rays, the source of light;
In verse or prose, with more than mortal art,
He struck the passions, and he warm'd the heart:
Various, but still unrival'd, was his song,
Now soft like OVID, now like VIRGIL strong:
For ev'ry theme his genius was the same,
And each new Piece still added to his fame.

But whither is this boast of *Britain* fled?
Lies the great author of our glory dead?
Shall we, tormenting thought! expect in vain
A second CATO on the Roman plain?

Why did not gracious heav'n prolong his date,
And ſhield him from the rage of envious fate?
Why did th' Almighty truſt this common good
To the frail elements of fleſh and blood;
Expos'd to ills, and ſubject to decay,
The feeble ſhort-liv'd creature of a day?
Why was his life not boundleſs as his mind,
To bleſs the future ages of mankind?

But Heav'n, to puniſh our repeated crimes,
Call'd him from earth to breathe in happier climes.
For now in the gay manſions of the ſkies
(If there the promis'd land of glory lies)
With kindred Bards that liv'd in earlieſt days,
The rev'rend Fathers of harmonious lays,
He joins his tuneful voice, his lyre he ſtrings,
And MARO liſtens whilſt his rival ſings,
Great SOMERS fixes on his well known face,
And CATO greets him with a ſtern embrace.

TAR-

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

Addreſs'd to a young LADY in *Oxford*, who had been raviſh'd.

O Dames who in ſtrict virtue glory,
In antient or in modern ſtory;
The fam'd LUCRETIA bears the bell,
An arrant prude, as authors tell;
So ſqueamiſh, fanciful and nice,
She ſtartled at the thought of vice;
For having once, *againſt her will*,
And with a Prince, committed ill;
Poſſeſs'd with ſtrange romantic pride,
She ſtab'd her ſelf, forſooth, and dy'd;

TAR-

For ſhe would no example give,
For future proſtitutes to live!
(Lord help her! if the ſex will ſport,
They never want *examples* for't.)
This feat of hers alarm'd the age,
And ſet the Nation in a rage;
Each Roman Cit was ſeiz'd with dread,
Thought the horns ſprouting on his head;
With doubts and jealouſies perplext,
Leſt his own turn ſhould be the next:
And therefore all reſolve as one,
To rout both father and the ſon;
Bad you may think was TARQUIN's caſe;
Him they expel and all his race,
His name and ev'n the name of kings,
(For Rapes were then no trivial things)
The ſtate grew popular and free,
And all by one poor lilly woman.

But

But tho' this deed in former days
Procur'd our Madam wond'rous praiſe;
Yet let not any modern beauty
Hence raſhly judge that 'tis her duty,
For ev'ry little breach of honor,
To take LUCRETIA's airs upon her;
(For in this ſtrict religious ſeaſon,
Such cautions can't be void of reaſon)
In ancient times the Roman Dame,
To ſave her virtue and her fame,
According to the *Pagan* Creed,
Might do a meritorious deed;
She might —— but in a *Chriſtian* Nation
Self *murther's* worſe than *violation*.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 7.

Quæris quot mihi Baſiationes.

IN vain, my gentle Charmer, you inquire
How many thouſand kiſſes I deſire;
Say firſt, how many ſands the ſhores contain,
And drop by drop the boundleſs Ocean drain;
Count all the Stars that gild the ſilent night,
And glitter, conſcious of each ſtol'n delight;
Count all the leaves, that on ten thouſand trees
Tremble, obedient to the morning breeze:
Count all the courtiers arts, the tradeſman's lies,
The miſer's wiſhes, and the lover's ſighs,
Then will I tell thee, nor till then inquire
How many thouſand kiſſes I deſire;
Scarce will Arithmetick the ſum explain,
Millions on millions multiply'd in vain.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 5.

WHile life, my dear, remains, enjoy thy charms,
And deaf to cenſure, take me to thy arms;
The evening Sun deſcends into the main,
And ſets, to riſe with brighter beams again;
The Lilly folds her beauties up at night,
And opens fairer to the morning light:
But you, to charm no more, reſign your breath,
And ſleeping moulder in eternal death;
For a few years the vital oil may burn,
And to your native nothing you return:
Wherefore let's love this fleeting life away,
And laugh at what ill-natur'd Churchmen ſay:
O let me on thy panting breaſt recline,
And preſs my burning, humid lips to thine;

A thouſand kiſſes let me firſt implore,
And after them a thouſand thouſand more;
A thouſand thouſand let me ſtill repeat,
Till my joys grow as numberleſs as great,
Till envious tongues in their account are croſt,
And magick in her ſecret art is loſt.

CATULLUS to Himſelf.

Miſer Catulle, deſinas ineptire.

AT length, CATULLUS, give thy follies o'er,
Nor vainly wiſh loſt pleaſures to reſtore;
Thou haſt indeed been bleſt with golden days,
And Suns have roſe with more auſpicious rays,
While frequently thy lov'd one thou didſt ſee,
More lov'd, than any other ſhall, by me.

All then was mirth, and joy succeeding joy,
For ever new, nor was thy charmer coy:
Your sighs she heard, was to your wishes kind,
And to yours will she constantly resign'd:
Then wast thou blest indeed with golden days,
Then the Suns rose with more auspicious rays:
But since the false one thy embraces flies,
Let her contemn the joy, which she denies,
Court not against her will the servile kiss,
Nor in a fickle woman place thy bliss:
Turn from thy manly breast the faithless dame,
Assert thy freedom, and subdue thy flame.
'Tis done, my childish follies I give o'er,
Adieu, vain thing! CATULLUS sighs no more.
No more to thee he sighs, nor tamely sues,
For what, in scornful pride thou dost refuse,
But thou shalt mourn thy own perverse disdain,
And long to feel me in thy arms, in vain.
For, what new joys our raptures will succeed?
Who now submissive at thy feet will bleed?

Who

Who after me thy fading charms admire?
Whom wilt thou chuſe to quench thy raging fire?
Whoſe lips with eager kiſſes wilt thou bite,
And in whoſe arms enjoy the laſcious night?
For now my childiſh follies I give o'er;
Adieu, vain thing! CATULLUS ſighs no more.

On the IMAGES of the NINE LEADEN MUSES upon the new Printing-Houſe in *Oxford*.

An EPIGRAM.

IN *Oxford* crouds of ſtupid birds are found,
Where of all places bright ones ſhould abound;
Dull plodding blockheads, without ſenſe or fire,
Toil hard for fame and to the Bays aſpire:

From deep Logicians ſhallow Wits commence,
Old dogs at rhime, no matter for the ſenſe.
If the lines flow but ſmooth, and jingle well,
The man's a poet, and his verſes ſell;
Nor is it ſtrange, but rightly weigh the thing,
That our ſoft bards ſo indolently ſing,
Or that the genius of the place is dead,
When our inſpiring Muſes breathe in *Lead*:
High on the ſtately dome, with Harp in hand,
Their lumpiſh Deities exalted ſtand,
Fix'd as a publick mark, that all might know,
What wretched heavy ſtuff they print below.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 58.

CLOE, dear JACK, that once victorious name,
CLOE, the object of my raging flame,
Whom I did more than life or friendſhip prize,
In *Fleetſtreet* now, a common ſtrumpet, plies,
Turns up to ev'ry puppy in the town,
And claps the *Temple* rake for half a crown.

On the Same.

CLOE, as soon as she has plaid the whore,
Repents the deed, and vows to do't no more,
With the next man she meets, to cure her pain,
She breaks her vow, repents, and vows again;
Breaks it again, so yielding is the dame,
And does the next day and the next the same;
Or keep thy vows, frail nymph, or vow no more,
Cease to repent, or cease to play the whore.
Plain *fornication* is a venial evil,
But *perjury* leads headlong to the Devil.

On the TENTH of *June*.

IF fame says true, on this auspicious morn
A beggar, coward, and a fool was born;
By lazy, lineal right, three Crowns he claims,
And cloaths his wand'ring friends with mimick names;
Proud of his fancied birth, he boasts his race,
And apes his mighty Sires in ev'ry grace.
With the first C——s in bigotry he vies,
Fierce like the Second to the battle flies,
Like J———s he's gracious, and like A—a wise.

CUPID match'd.

AS from the honeycomb one day
Young CUPID filch'd the ſweets away,
Intent on the felonious wrong,
A watchful Bee his fingers ſtung.
Impatient of the ſmart and pain,
He frets, and puffs, and ſtamps in vain.
To VENUS, in a rage, he flies,
And ſniv'ling, ſee mamma, he cries,
What miſchief lurks in little things,
A ſcurvy Bee this torment brings:
Shall ſuch vile inſects, quoth the boy,
The pleaſures of a God deſtroy?

While thus with peevish rage he burn'd,
The Goddeſs, with a ſmile, return'd.

Ceaſe, child, thy wonder at the hurtful Bee,
A pow'r more hurtful is repos'd in thee,
Like that fierce animal on ſlender wings,
Thou roam'ſt abroad; thy arrows are thy ſtings:
Tho' ſmall thy ſtature ſeem, thy fatal darts
Subdue almighty ſtrength, and pierce immortal hearts.

To a LADY who ſaid ſhe would never marry a WHIG.

MUſt BRUNSWICK and his friends for ever bear
The keen reſentments of the *Britiſh* fair?
Still crown'd with glory, muſt he curſe his fate,
Fear'd by the world, expos'd to female hate?
In vain, he boaſts how firm his empire ſtands,
How the world liſtens to his dread commands,
Beneath his ſword how many thouſands fell,
What boots dominion if the fair rebel?

To court their favour firſt deſerves his care,
No policies avail againſt the fair;
To check their fury, all attempts are vain,
Leagues have no power, and armies meet diſdain.

Yet ſay, what virtue or ſuperior grace,
What hidden charm exalts the TORY race?
The youthful WHIG, with as polite an air,
Sings, dreſſes, dances, and gallants the fair;
With the ſame ſcorching fires and nervous heats,
His pulſes kindle, and his boſom beats;
He loves as fiercely as the TORY ſwain,
And burns with equal rage, tho' burns in vain.

Too raſhly, fair one, you condemn our cauſe;
And judge of our deſerts by partial laws.
Think not the WHIG, what falſely ſome pretend,
To lawleſs rule and Anarchy a friend;
Foe to the Church, of an abandon'd life,
And a moſt horrid creature to his wife;

That with a double edge his tenets ſtrike,
And wound his Monarch, and his ſpouſe alike;
For tho' my ſoul deſpotick pow'r diſdains,
Yet gladly it ſubmits to female chains;
In love no freeborn liberties I crave,
An humble, *paſſive*, *non-reſiſting*, ſlave.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 84.

CÆLIA and LAURA

CÆLIA to many does the VENUS ſeem,
Of all the reigning nymphs near *Iſis* ſtream,
The toaſt of coxcombs, and the Poet's theme.
To me (th'impartial truth I will declare)
Her eyes ſeem ſprightly, her complection fair,
Plump are her limbs, majeſtick is her air.
And yet no VENUS is the buxom dame;
Since nought divine informs her bulky frame,
No charm to merit that illuſtrious name.

But

But LAURA is a VENUS in the whole,
Whose lawful title no defects controul,
Unblemish'd in her body and her soul.
In her, a graceful shape, a comely mien,
And all the charms of all the sex are seen;
Still rising in her bloom; but just *eighteen*.

To a FRIEND in *London*.

WELL dost thou ask me in thy friendly lays,
How in this factious place I spend my days;
Why briefly thus, as is the modish way,
Seldom I read, and much more seldom pray:
Logick I like not, that mechanick art,
To prove the *whole* is greater than a *part*;
Divinity and *Law* alike displease;
In short, I love my bottle and my ease;

The tenor of a College life I keep,
Eat thrice a day, pun, ſmoke, get drunk, and ſleep.

Never to love I tune my artleſs ſtring,
For to what ſhe at *Oxford* ſhou'd I ſing;
Our firſt-rate Toaſts, that ſparkle at the ball,
Scarce riſe above the ſhopboard or the ſtall,
A vulgar race — yet ſo confounded vain,
They ſtrut in tawdry ſilks and ſpurn at ev'ry ſwain:
Wherefore ſome holy dotard let them wed,
And take the rev'rend lumber to their bed;
There let the Doctor, in a wanton mood,
Drudge out the laſt dull ſpirits of his blood:
For me, by heav'n, with ſome damn'd common dame,
Sooner at *Wyburn's* wou'd I quench my flame;
Take the lewd ſtrumpet to my warm embrace,
Than mix with ſuch a ſcoundrel haughty race.

Oxon. Dec. 20*th*, 1718.

Mahomet's Kingdom.

E'RE the ſixth age the Chriſtian Faith de-
creas'd,
And ſtubborn errors ſpread o'er all the
East;
The *Judas* Prieſt, debauch'd with ſenſual pride,
Aſpir'd to Empire which his Lord deny'd;
The Layman too, from preſent joys debarr'd,
Spurn'd at the promiſe of a late reward;
Which *Mahomet* obſerv'd, and in his mind,
The crafty *Kingdom of this world* deſign'd;
He ſaw how vain was all perſuaſive art,
The taſk how tedious to convince the heart;
In ſpite of Truth that hereſies prevail'd,
That ſigns from heav'n and miracles had fail'd;

nd boldly therefore, in th'Almighty's name,
rm'd with the ſword and carnal weapons came;
fields of blood he prov'd his miſſion true,
nd who embrac'd not what he taught he ſlew;
Not was our Prophet wanting to delude
The fearful, dull, believing multitude;
To their own wiſh he fram'd his paradiſe,
A courtly manſion of celeſtial vice;
Fair virgins, purling brooks, and flow'ry ſhades,
Delicious themes! for your *Arabian* blades.
What airy *Belle*, or modiſh courtly Knight,
Whom lewd intrigues and gallantry delight,
Cou'd not with eaſe think that Religion good,
Which courts his ſenſe, appeals to fleſh and blood?
Thy wit we all, O *Mahomet*, applaud,
Tho' heav'n commands us to deteſt the fraud;
Wealth to thy ſons on earth and pow'r is given,
And after death a ſoft luxurious heaven.

CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 81.

BEfore her husband, LESBIA calls me names,
And at the lewdness of the Town exclaims;
This tickles the poor Cuckold to the life,
And he thanks heav'n for such a virtuous Wife.
Contented fool, indeed you reason wrong,
If she were virtuous, she would hold her tongue;
Scandal and noise her virtue do not prove,
But are the marks of unextinguish'd love;
Still, in her veins, the wanton itch prevails,
And, in the madness of her lust, she rails.

Warning to young married MEN.

WHilom in *Kent* there liv'd a jolly swain,
Young *Colinet*, the genius of the plain;
Sonnets he wrote, could sing and whistle well,
Crack witty jokes, and merry stories tell;
At Wakes and Weddings always led the dance,
And drew from every lass the wishful glance;
Courteous he was, and skilful to persuade;
Soon to his lures he won the Parson's maid;
He married, and (O mournful to relate!)
Grew a mere tyrant in the nuptial state;
Assum'd dominion o'er his trembling wife,
And prov'd a very husband all his life;

No more as once he charm'd her liſt'ning ear,
Call'd her no more, *my honey*, and *my dear*;
But daily, from his work returning home,
With dreadful oaths and curſes ſhook the room;
To ev'ry humble queſtion he'd reply
You ſaucy B—tch, G—d d—n you, what care I?
No anſwer would the frowning churl afford,
But ſnapt the woman ſhort at every word;
When to the alehouſe, from his pipe and pot
She came to fetch the drunken midnight ſot,
Out of the houſe, he cry'd, *be gone! away!*
And reeling ſtammer'd in her ears, *obey!*
Then ſhook the crabtree cudgel in his hand,
The well-known enſign of his ſtern command.

Tir'd out at length with this vexatious courſe,
And finding ev'ry day that it grew worſe,
She vow'd, grown deſp'rate, to revenge her wrong,
And bear no longer what ſhe bore ſo long;

To a brisk, neighb'ring Barber she apply'd,
With all my heart the gallant Barber cry'd:
Now whilst abroad the tyrant-bumpkin roams,
With silent haste the watchful lecher comes;
Her welcome guest the injur'd wife receives,
And for politer work her *spinning* leaves,
Up stairs she leads him, springs into his arms,
And fir'd with transport opens all her charms:
Now, *Colly*, triumph now, in scorn she said,
Proud of the honours that adorn thy head.

Three times the pleasing vengeance they repeat,
And with becoming horns the *Brute* compleat.

JUPITER and CLOE.

YOung CLOE, frolickſome and gay,
Was reading, once upon a day,
How JOVE, as OVID's lines record
(And Ladies will take OVID's word)
Us'd to deſcend in borrow'd ſhapes,
And ſport in Cuckoldoms and Rapes.
Delightful ſtories! —— as ſhe read,
A maggot jump'd into her head:
Thus to her ſelf, " Does JOVE then mind
" Us mortal girls? extremely kind!
" Now I'll be farther, quoth the dame,
" If this looſe God be not the ſame,
" Dreſs'd in rich velvet and brocade,
" That won my heart laſt Maſquerade;

" Hold

« Hold—— let me think—— it must be so,
« It cou'd not be a common Beau.
« Lord! there was something so divine——
« Well, hang it all, I'll not repine;
« For if his Godship likes the sport,
« He'll never damn a body for't.

ADVICE to my self on being threatned to be expell'd.

PRithee, dear NICK, thy wicked life amend,
And take the counsel of thy nearest friend:
No more, presumptuous boy, with impious airs,
Prefer the tempting bottle to thy prayers;
No more at *Newham*, nor at *Woodstock* dine;
Abandon FINMORE's ale and RICHMOND's wine;

No more by water, nor on horseback rove,
Nor mind the gadding girls in *Maudlin* grove;

Cease

Ceaſe with repeated crimes to urge the ſpleen
Of the grave * *Vice* and *ſilver-button'd* † Dean;
Ah! that with them alone thou hadſt to ſtrive,
For they are candid both and will forgive;
But crowds of ev'ry ſpecies are thy foes,
Fops, Ladies, Critics, Parſons, Wits, and Beaux;
All theſe united, with revengeful hate,
Vow thy deſtruction, and conſpire thy fate.
Crassus on thee contracts his wrathful brows,
And Sejanvir thy ſpeedy ruin vows:
Whither, expell'd, for ſuccour wilt thou run?
Thy fortune ſquander'd, and thy fame undone?
A dark blind room in *Grubſtreet* wilt thou take,
And venal ditties, for thy living, make?
Wilt thou in love-odes, or in ſatire deal,
Tranſlate old authors, or from modern ſteal?
In mournful elegiack rhimes complain,
Or try thy fate in the dramatick ſtrain?

* The Vice-Preſident.
† The Dean of the College.

These

These all are arts in which but few prevail,
For one that gets a dinner, twenty fail.
Or wilt thou rather, studious of success,
Lay Schemes with C——s, and ply the spurious press,
By fraud and artifice obtain renown,
And with decoying titles cheat the Town;
While he shall grant thee, to reward thy pains,
At noon a dinner, and a whore at night?
No, this to want and infamy will lead,
Soon will he turn thee off, when none will read.
Think then betimes, thy former course forlake,
Espouse the Church at last, and quit the Rake;
Check thy free-thinking vein, thy sins acknowledge,
And grow a dull, old *Fellow* of a *College*.

The FREETHINKER converted.

SIR *Fopling*, croſs in love, and ſtript at play,
Penſive and grumbling on his pillow lay;
How vain, ſays he, are all the things below,
Sway'd by a *Woman*, or a fickle *Throw*?
Is this the boaſted pow'r of human ſouls,
Which fortune or a fooliſh wench controuls?
No, we are ſlaves; our nature is a cheat,
And reaſon ſerves to ſhew us the deceit.
The ſervile tools of Providence we live,
Content with what the Pow'rs vouchſafe to give:
Life on ſuch niggard terms I ſcorn to keep,
Death take me hence ——— He ſpoke and dropt
aſleep.

When to his fancy there appear'd a ſpright,
Such as old wives, upon a winter night,
Deſcribe, to keep the naughty boys in awe,
With two long ſpindle ſhanks, a lantern jaw,
Nor fleſh nor ſkin the phantom ſeem'd to have,
Ycleped *death*, the monarch of the grave,
A tyrant, dreaded by the old and young,
His dry bones rattled as he ſtalk'd along.

Kind Heav'n, ſaid he, has heard thy urgent prayer,
And takes thee from a world beneath thy care;
Lo! thus I execute his high command,
And ſhook the hour-glaſs in his ſcraggy hand,
Then poizing for the blow his barbed dart,
Aim'd it directly at the coxcomb's heart.
Sir *Fopling*, ſtartled at the fancy'd ſtroke,
Shrunk from the point and in his fears awoke,

A cold, damp ſweat his dewy cheeks o'erſpread,
And his limbs trembled all with panick dread,
Upon his knees the gracious Pow'rs he bleſs'd,
And the preſumption of his heart confeſs'd;
Quite alter'd now from what he was before,
He rakes and rattles and blaſphemes no more,
Grows a mere ſaint, converted in a fright,
And ſays his pray'rs devoutly ev'ry night.

To a FRIEND in *London*, upon my returning to COLLEGE.

WHile you, dear Tom, in *London* City
Aſſociate with the fair and witty,
And, gayly rambling o'er the Town,
Take the briſk juice in bumpers down,
Or, charm'd with the perſuaſive Stage,
Laugh at the follies of the age;
To COLLEGE wretched I return,
And day and night with ſpleen I burn;

From jovial friends, from pipe and bottle
To Pray'rs and musty ARISTOTLE,
From decent meals, and wholesome wines,
To foggy * COLL. and Mutton loins,
From well-bred mirth to stupid puns,
Of pedants and of COLLEGE Dons,
My happy course of life I change,
No more I dress, no more I range,
But pensive mope within all day,
And sleep and rhime the hours away.
A gentle song to LAURA send,
Or scribble something to my friend;
This morning, as I stalk'd about,
These lines to thee I hammer'd out.

UPON PARTIES.

Thou, TOM, with rapture and delight
Enjoy'st the fair one in thy sight,
The fair one too perhaps on thee
Smiles, as she tattles o'er her Tea;

* College Ale.

Whilst

Whilſt far from theſe diſtracted eyes
My abſent LAURA's image flies,
To her my conſtant thoughts I bend,
In ſighs to her my wiſhes ſend,
In vain from ſighs I hope relief,
And *thinking* but augments my grief,
Her diſtant lips I ſeem to kiſs,
And cheat my ſelf with fancy'd bliſs.
Excuſe me, that I ſay no more,
My veins with raging fires boil o'er,
Wild roll my eyes, my heart grows ſad,
Pox take me, if I don't run mad.

Oxon, Nov. 10, 1718.

Upon PARTIES.

CUrſt be that buſy wretch, that *human* beaſt,
(Some crafty Stateſman or ambitious Prieſt)
Who firſt, his own pernicious ſchemes to build,
His native Country with diviſions fill'd,

The

The bands of friendship and relation tore,
And broke that union we enjoy'd before,
All social rights and social ties dissolv'd,
And into factions the blind world involv'd.
What mighty ills by *Party* have been done?
What Empires ruin'd? what long wars begun?
What treasure and what bloodshed has it cost?
What millions for a *Party* have been lost?
To this, we owe the curse of every age,
Treason, sedition, feud, and civil rage;
To this we owe, that, drunk with frantick zeal,
The holy bigot draws his thirsty steel,
For trifling piques his neighbour's life demands,
And stains in kindred blood his impious hands;
Hence crowds enrag'd with fatal anger meet,
And the mad populace embroil the street;
Hence CATO perish'd in his Country's cause,
And JULIUS triumph'd o'er the *Roman* laws;
Hence YORK and LANCASTER, with rival might,
Led forth their wasteful armies to the fight,

While each contended for supreme command,
And with wild havock strew'd the bleeding land,
Hence we derive the discords and the woes,
Which in the last dire Century arose,
With her own wounds the jarring Nation bled,
A Monarch in rebellious chains was led,
And the Church bow'd to earth her sacred head.
But why on distant evils do I dwell,
Which our own factious times describe so well?
Unnumber'd sects unnumber'd schemes devise,
And mutual vengeance reddens in their eyes,
Each in the right believes himself alone,
And rails at all religions but his own;
The TORY, with his sworn opinions big,
Glows with hot zeal, and cries, God damn the
WHIG;
The WHIG, of his perfuasion full as vain,
Damns the vile TORY, in as proud a strain;
The PAPIST and the PROTESTANT by turns,
As Interest dictates, or as Conscience burns,

IDOLATER! and HERETICK! exclaim;
Such are the honours paid the Chriſtian name!
Nay farther does this rude diſtemper reach,
For ev'n the Ladies now Religion preach,
O'er their Bohea in Politicks debate,
And drop their ſcandal for affairs of ſtate;
For MARLBOROUGH ſome and ſome for ORMOND plead,
Juſt as the Pariſh Prieſt has fram'd their Creed:
In love all damſels are extremely nice,
And think a mungril-match a ſhameful vice,
Each takes her likeneſs to the marriage-bed,
WHIGS mate with WHIGS and TORIES TORIES wed.
Thus man on man eternal war proclaims,
Branding each other with opprobrious names,
And leſt with them their enmity ſhould ceaſe,
And when they die, the world be huſh'd in peace,
A num'rous race of ſucceſſors they raiſe,
To propagate their feuds in after days;

Soon as they learn to ſpeak, their careful ſires
Light in their tender breaſts the Party-fires,
MASTER is taught to liſp the DOCTOR's name,
And pretty, little MISS muſt do the ſame,
They muſt not play with PRESBYTERIAN boys,
Nor let a LOW-CHURCH girl prophane their toys;
As they grow up, the ſeeds of PARTY ſhoot,
And in their ripen'd breaſts take deeper root:
Thoſe whom they fled, when children, ſtill they fly,
Upon their perſons caſt an evil eye,
The ſame ill-will tenaciouſly maintain,
And fight their father's quarrels o'er again.

Upon the SAME.

TORIES and WHIGS, with mutual, ſelfiſh pride,
In all their quarrels for themſelves decide,

Both parties their own principles prefer,
And in their own opinion *cannot err*;
Yet both condemn, and for the ſame pretence,
The Church of *Rome*, and talk of *common ſenſe*.
Does then to *us* this privilege belong?
And muſt the POPE alone be in the wrong?
Or ſhall we rather ſay, that void of light,
Heav'n leaves us all uncertain of the right?

An EPILOGUE for the Tragedy of King HENRY IV. of *France*, deſign'd to have been ſpoken by CHARLOTTA.

WELL!—I ſuppoſe you now ſit all agog,
In hopes to hear a ſmutty Epilogue,
With filthy meanings couch'd in modern guiſe;
Ye wicked toads! I read it in your eyes:
Gad! you're of late ſo horrid vicious grown,
Nothing but fulſome lewdneſs will go down;

Your palate's ſo debauch'd, you cannot eat
Without *provoking* ſauce the niceſt meat.
Dearly you love the bold intriguing Blade,
And chuckle, when an aſſignation's made,
Yet little dream, that often, while you come
To laugh at other men, you're dub'd at home.
How many of you, if the truth were known,
Point at your neighbour's horns, to ſcreen your own?
So one gay ideot, when he ſees another,
Makes ſenſeleſs jokes, and titters at his brother.
You thought, perhaps, I'd ſneer my huſband's fate,
With lewd reflections on the marriage-ſtate;
Did you, ſweet Sirs?—No, faith, you're all miſtaken,
I ſhall not ſpeak one word for cuckold-making.
Indeed our moſt obliging Bard to day
Has made me ſomething *modiſh* in his play,
But durſt he hint it once behind the ſcenes,
I'd aſk the pert, young Puppy—*what he means*;
For let me tell you, that Prince *Condi*'s wife,
Bad as you think her, leads an honeſt life.

Shame

Shame on ſuch foul corrupters of the age!
What! would you make a Brothel of the Stage?
No Play of late can be obſcene enough;
Think ye, the Ladies like ſuch *paw-paw* ſtuff?
Sorely againſt our will we act ſuch parts,
And ſpeak the naughty words with grumbling hearts;
Yet now and then forſooth we muſt comply
With your politer taſte —— good reaſon why;
For ſhould we dare to thwart your wanton vein,
You'd ſtarve us *quite*, and flock to *Drury Lane*.

The WISH.

WHen real bleſſings are to men deny'd,
With airy hopes they gratify their pride;
To every wretch this privilege extends,
However void of *acres* or of friends:
The Bankrupt wiſhes for the Stateſman's poſt,
And each foot-ſoldier to command an hoſt;

The meaneſt Curate that *reads Pray'rs* in Town,
Or in the country awes the gaping clown,
Thinks to be call'd, *His Grace*, before he dies,
And looks at *Lambeth* with ambitious eyes;
The *brawny* footman, conſcious of his worth,
Forgets his ſervile ſtate and humble birth,
Dreſſes, looks ſpruce, and with deſigning art
Lays tempting ſnares, to catch his Lady's heart;
While the ſmug chambermaid, with equal pride,
Ogles Sir JOHN, and hopes to be his bride.

Like fellow-mortals thus I live on air,
Nor will ſelf-love permit me to deſpair,
Tho' fortune ſinks me to my native duſt,
On future bleſſings I ſecurely truſt.
Lo! reader, to thy boſom I impart
The ſecret, whole ambition of my heart.

Grant me, kind Heav'n, *five hundred* pounds a year,
From mortgages, and tythes, and taxes clear,

And (if a beggar might preſume to chuſe)
In a ſweet climate, to oblige my muſe,
Where *Thames* thro' fruitful countries pours his tide,
Or where thy wanton ſtreams, O *Medway*, glide;
There lodge me in a pleaſant, rural ſeat,
And let the river murmur at its feet,
Screen'd from the ſun, and ſhelter'd from the wind,
Before a *proſpect*, and a *wood* behind.

Then grant me, Heav'n, the ſecond boon of life,
Next to a good eſtate, a pretty wife,
A fond, young, toying girl, and full of flame,
(Not a cold, phlegmatick, inſipid dame,)
In whom good-nature, beauty, and good ſenſe
With equal force their blended charms diſpenſe,
Tho' virtuous, unreſerv'd, and chaſtly free;
Juſt ſuch as LAURA is —— or is to ME.

Thus fixt in pleaſure, to my wiſhes ſend,
The next ſubſtantial good, a faithful friend,

To

To whom I may, with an unguarded heart,
My cares, my ſorrows, and my joys impart,
Reveal the doubts that rack my tortur'd mind,
And eaſe and pleaſure in his counſel find:
With whom in rural ſports I may partake,
Start the fleet hare, or bait the fiſhy lake,
With books or converſation waſte the day,
And o'er a bottle wear the night away.

And grant me, laſtly, to complete the reſt,
An honeſt, peaceful, and unſhaken breaſt,
Free from blind zeal and ſuperſtitious fear,
That, what I am, a man I may appear;
That, while I live, no terrors I may know,
And, when death ſtrikes, deſpiſe the tranſient blow.

Grant me all this, and to the painful *Great*,
Give Titles, Garters, and the poſts of State:
Let LAW in *Miſſiſſipi* bubbles ſhine,
And STANHOPE by new Treaties grow divine.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Sir THOMAS TAYLOR,

BARONET.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Sir THOMAS TAYLOR,

BARONET.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Sir THOMAS TAYLOR, Bart

Late of *MAIDSTONE* in *KENT*.

WHence does this ſudden, fatal change proceed?
For lo! deſpair on ev'ry brow I read,
All ſhake their mournful heads and penſive ſtand,
As the laſt dreadful judgment were at hand:
AURELIA, the fair parent of delight,
So wont with ſmiling looks to greet our ſight,
Beneath her roof the ſtranger grief receives,
Her boſom with unuſual anguiſh heaves,

Her eyes, that quick as lightning ſhot around,
Now, indolently fixt upon the ground,
Some hidden ſhock of inward grief confeſs,
See! every look betrays the deep diſtreſs.
Alas! the cauſe too juſt, that drowns her eyes,
Too plain the ſource, from whence her ſorrows riſe!
DAMON, the lovely, cheerful youth is dead,
And with him all our boaſted joys are fled;
In every mouth I hear the moving tale,
With conſtant weeping every cheek grows pale,
DAMON from every eye demands a tear,
And damps the * jovial ſeaſon of the year.

Behold, how abject is our earthly ſtate!
A thread, that hangs between the ſiſters of fate:
Conſcious of grief, and ſenſible of pain,
Short are our pleaſures, and thoſe ſhort ones vain;
From hour to hour we draw precarious breath,
And blindly trample on the ſeeds of death,

* He dy'd a few days before CHRISTMAS.

Our

Our mortal frame no mortal pow'r can ſave,
Struggling thro' care and ſorrow to the grave,
Death lurks in every ſhape, and every breeze
Of air we draw is big with ſome diſeaſe,
Our traytor-ſenſes, in the civil ſtrife,
Let in the foe to ſeize upon our life;
We bloom, like lillies, with the dawning light,
And droop like them, and ſicken e'er 'tis night.

Thus DAMON bloom'd, and in his bloom decay'd,
Long e'er 'twas due, the debt of nature paid:
But oh! how worthy of a longer life,
So free from wordy broils and ſocial ſtrife,
So fam'd for candour, conſtancy, and truth,
As CARE virtuous, in the ſide of youth!
In every various, graceful art approv'd,
And loving all mankind, by all belov'd.
Scarce ever did he frown, but on his face
Eternal pleaſure laugh'd and youthful grace,

The fair ſtill liſten'd to his pleaſing ſtrains,
And DAMON was the pride of MEDWAY's plains.

Bleſt with his friendſhip, but too lately bleſt!
I ſung *Te Deum* to my joyful breaſt,
With eager hands I ſeal'd the faithful vow,
And to my heart I ſaid, be open now,
Throw by thy worldly forms and wordly art,
And all thy ſecrets to his ſoul impart:
When on a ſudden (as a mighty wind
Roots up the oak, and leaves the ſhrub behind)
A fierce * diſtemper cropt his early prime,
While I remain, to mourn his fate in rhime.
So ſoon torn from me and ſo lately giv'n!
How ſtinted are thy bleſſings, righteous heav'n?

Patient and graceful, like himſelf, he dy'd,
Bold as a Martyr, but without his pride,

* The Small-pox.

He courted not his fate, diſturb'd in mind,
Nor fear'd the ſtroke; but gallantly reſign'd:
When death advanc'd and in his wounded heart
He felt, with pain transfix'd, the mortal dart;
" My friends, ſaid he, my deareſt friends, adieu,
" What moſt I fear in death, is loſing you;
" Thus in the bloſſom of our joys to part!
" 'Tis an hard ſtruggle with a youthful heart,
" This weakneſs, if it bears that name, forgive,
" *But ſure it's none in youth to wiſh to live.*
" Hadſt thou, all-judging Pow'r, prolong'd my days,
" Each morning ſhould have open'd with thy praiſe;
" But ſince thy hand cuts ſhort my ſcanty line,
" Still to thy diſpenſations I reſign.
" Death is the doom, in which we all are curſt,
" And it's my lot to go that journey firſt;
" Whate'er new worlds beyond the grave I find,
" I meet prepar'd, arm'd with a guiltleſs mind,
" Once more farewel — and now, ye happy ſkies,
" Behold I come: then turn'd and clos'd his eyes.

In that last crisis of his ebbing breath,
Alas! how many suffer'd more than death!
Numbers of every rank shall feel the blows,
For who to DAMON did not something owe?
In times of need, so courteous was his mind,
All sought him for their friend, and found him kind;
Ingenuous and benevolent of heart,
Still ready to protect the injur'd part,
Proud to oblige, and fearful to offend,
The best, good neighbour, and the easiest friend.

Praise and respect, that turn the giddy brain,
And make young men grow insolent and vain,
In DAMON's breast no proud conceptions wrought,
Laid no wrong bias on his equal thought;
He sought not, but he shun'd our vain applause,
And fought without reward in virtue's cause;
If he had any fault, 'twas want of pride,
And that's a fault on the good-natur'd side;

None were beneath his notice or his love,
And yet, ſo happy was he, none above,
All were his equals, or he made 'em ſo,
Roſe to the high, deſcended to the low,
Him, in the ſame frank manner, might you ſee
Speaking by turns to ROMNEY—and to ME.

How humble, yet how wealthy was his mind?
How much to letters and to arts inclin'd?
Free from vain affectation and conceit,
His thoughts were manly, his ideas great,
Quick was his fancy and his judgment ſtrong,
Bleſt with a modeſt fluency of tongue.

Nor leaſt of all, the mournful Bard admires
His kindred talents and poetick fires,
Proud is the Muſe amongſt her ſons to name
The youthful heir of ſuch eſtabliſh'd fame;
Yet in one thought ſhe loſes half her pride,
That with his own ſhort life his verſes dy'd.

Like VIRGIL, but alas! with more ſucceſs,
He damn'd his own fair fruit and rob'd the preſs,
By his command the ſhining pages burn,
And ſink in aſhes, never to return,
Unleſs to verſe another life is giv'n,
And with her Bard the Muſe revives in heav'n.

But whilſt his virtues thus my lays prolong,
His death recurs and checks me in my ſong,
Courteous he was, and learn'd, and good, and juſt;
But all thoſe graces now are laid in duſt!

Ye fair ones, that ſo lovely us'd to ſmile,
And made our KENT the PAPHOS of the iſle,
No more your DAMON with unlabour'd grace
Joins in the dance, nor at the board takes place,
To joys polite and innocent gives birth,
Nor thro' the crouded room diffuſes mirth;
Mix'd with cold earth, all-motionleſs he lies,
No more his boſom beats, nor roll his eyes,

His

His comely limbs now mouldring for the worms,
The certain ſpoilers of the faireſt forms!
But I perceive afreſh your ſorrows ſtream,
And to my ſelf recal the mournful theme.

Forgive, dear ſhade, theſe plain, well-meaning lays,
That in a native dreſs record thy praiſe,
This ſober theme a ſober Muſe demands,
Not one that wanders thro' romantick lands,
And whines a fairy tale of woods and plains,
And nymphs bewailing their departed ſwains:
When ſtately villains unlamented dye,
The venal poet muſt to fiction fly,
With foreign arts his want of merit hide,
And in the helps of common-place confide;
The rivers weep, the flow'rs forget to bloom,
And browzing flocks deplore their ſhepherd's doom,
Winds moan his death, inſtructed by the Muſe,
In mournful ſighs, which human breaſts refuſe.

But real ſorrows leſſen in diſguiſe,
And art is uſeleſs when a DAMON dies,
Nor needs the willow to preſerve his fame,
Grav'd in the nobleſt boſoms lives his name;
ROMNEY laments his death, illuſtrious Peer!
And ev'ry neighbouring beauty drops a tear,
KENT in her annals will his loſs retain,
'Till at the judgment-bar we meet again.

To Mrs. CENTLIVRE, at that time dangerously ill.

STruck with a passion for unhappy ROWE,
To whom so many finish'd scenes we owe;
I paid my tribute to his mighty name,
A stranger to his person —— but by fame:
The man, but not the author was unknown,
Oft have I made his well-wrought verse my own.
Oft have I wept his dying Hero's cause,
And shook the ecchoing dome with loud applause;
From hence alone my grateful sorrows rise,
Hence the prompt tears o'erflow my swelling eyes;
But double pangs thy mournful bosom rend,
I lose the Poet only, you the Friend.
You knew the secret virtues of his heart,
How void it was of every treacherous art;

Search'd

Search'd the vaſt hidden treaſures of his mind,
And weep in him the loſs to all mankind.

GARTH follow'd ſoon, from the unſparing grave,
Not his own art his mortal life could ſave!
Two Bards at once the tyrant ſwept away,
To feed the worm, and mix with vulgar clay;
Nor yet content, unbounded in his rage,
Of THEE too he attempts to rob the age.
Inſulting death! oh ſtop thy ſavage hand,
Reverſe, tremendous Power, the raſh command;
Already you have given us too much grief,
Be kind at laſt, and miniſter relief;
Stop our forboding tears, aſſwage our pain,
And give CENTLIVRE back to health again.

To Mrs. CENTLIVRE, upon her desiring him to read and correct a POEM.

IN vain, ORINDA, on my aid,
And weaker judgment you rely;
Too rashly, Fair-one, you persuade,
A mortal to correct the sky.

To me, like PHAETON of old,
A dangerous province you resign,
Which I, like him unskill'd, and bold,
Accept, and mimick Pow'r divine.

Without

Without my help the ſoul to warm
With love, ſtill happily proceed,
Bid other LEONORA's * charm,
And other villains juſtly bleed——

Whilſt party-mad the BRITISH FAIR,
On Monarch JEMMY ſet their hearts,
Deſpiſe the peaceful houſe-wife's care,
And practiſe their ſeditious arts.

Whilſt they with lies revile the THRONE,
And with Church fears their minds perplex,
Their follies ſingly you atone,
And ſingly you redeem the ſex.

* See the CRUEL GIFT, a Tragedy. Written by Mrs. CENTLIVRE

EP

EPIGRAM on Dr. CRASSUS.

CRASSUS, the Poet's and the Villain's tool,
Juſt wiſe enough to think himſelf a fool,
Swears that in each lampoon he ſees his face,
And vows revenge upon the rhiming race:
For once, dear CRASSUS, let a foe adviſe,
Look on thy ſelf with more auſpicious eyes,
To blab thy weakneſs, be not thou the firſt,
For that of all thy follies is the worſt;
Ill-natur'd ſcriblers, unoffended, read,
The *conſcious* Idcot is a wretch indeed!
By other hands let our defects be known,
For 'tis the devil to betray one's own.

On the Same.

CRASSUS looks grave and learned to the eye,
His ſtiff ſcarf ruſtles as he paſſes by;
Mark that wiſe ſhrug, that deep deſigning frown!
His ſleek, broad beaver, and his gloſſy gown!
Oft he ſteps ſhort, and at the firſt alarm,
Doubles his ſpeed, and ſwings his careleſs arm:
Sometimes he bites his nails, and rubs his head,
Nay (what you'll ſcarce believe) I've ſeen him *read*:
Sure CRASSUS for a deep Divine may paſs ——
And ſo, with your permiſſion, may an *Aſs*.
Ay, and ſome people think, with more pretence,
For *one* has ſpoke, and he ſpoke better ſenſe.

On the SAME.

CRASSUS one evening (as 'tis oft his doom)
Was made the publick *Butt* of all the room,
Backside and foreside upon *him* they fall,
At last, says CRASSUS smartly to 'em all:
Nay softly, Sirs! For all this great ado,
I can my *talents* boast as well as you:
Perhaps I'm not so *bright*; I grant you that,
But I'm as strong, as jolly and as fat;
You, MILVIUS, can your *lines* and *circles* draw,
I can make circles too—*for boys at taw.*

You, Sir, can pun, or make a pleasant joke,
I know you can—and I can laugh and smoke.
You understand your *Greek* and Logick better,
(Of which indeed I scarcely know a letter.)

But I can *preach* and *chat*, and after Pray'r
Walk with the Ladies out —*to take the air*.
You have more *learning*, Sir, perhaps than I,
And you more *wit* —all this I don't deny.
But who has moſt of *ſomething elſe*, as good?
Come on! and we'll be judg'd by Miſtreſs W—D.

On the SAME.

UNform'd in *nature's* ſhop while CRASSUS lay,
A cumbrous heap of coarſe neglected clay,
Pray, Madam, ſays the *foreman* of the trade,
What of yon paultry *rubbiſh* muſt be made?
For it's too groſs, ſays he, and unrefin'd,
To be the carcaſs of a *thinking* mind;
Then it's too lumpiſh and too ſtiff to make
A Fop, a Beau, a Witling, or a Rake;
Nor, is it for a Lady's footman fit,
For Ladies footmen muſt have ſenſe and wit;

A Warrior muſt be vigilant and bold,
And therefore claims a briſk and active mould;
A Stateſman muſt be ſkill'd in various arts,
A Strumpet muſt have charms, a Pimp have parts.
A Lawyer, without craft, will get no fees—
This matter therefore will make none of *theſe*;
In ſhort, I plainly think it good for nought;
But, Madam, I deſire your better thought.

Why, Tom, ſays ſhe, in a diſdainful tone,
Amongſt the *ſweepings* let it then be thrown,
Or—make a *Parſon* of the uſeleſs ſtuff,
'Twill ſerve a *preaching* blockhead well enough.

To my Friend the AUTHOR of the TRAGEDY of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

WHilſt two great Bards our grateful Country mourns,
And ſheds the debt of ſorrow o'er their urns;
Transfus'd in thee, revive their generous fires,
And liberty again her ſons inſpires.
Thrice happy Poet! in thy numbers glow
The elegance of GARTH, and force of ROWE.
From yon' bright arch thy ſpreading fame they ſee,
And triumph in a ſucceſſor like thee.

Behold! to cure the frenzy of the age,
A ſecond CATO riſes on the ſtage;

The ſame their ſuff'rings, for a cauſe the ſame,
Nor yields the ENGLISH to the ROMAN name.

Oppreſs'd with noiſe, and drunken party-ſtrife,
Where ISIS flows, I waſte a painful life,
Stunn'd with the terrors of impending woes,
And Prelates to the Church inſatiate foes;
Of uncouth logick terms condemn'd to hear
The ſame pedantick Crambe all the year,
Pro formâ to diſpute the queſtions round,
And trace the windings of ſcholaſtick ground,
To College walls reluctantly confin'd,
Check'd in the native freedom of my mind;
Or on the Stage with correſponding eyes,
I would have ſeen thy *Britiſh* Hero riſe,
For virtue and religion hear him plead,
And boldly for a thankleſs nation bleed;
But *partial* laws that happineſs deny'd,
Againſt my will I laid the wiſh aſide,

Content to *read* thee in thy genuine light,
Where no proud scenes attract the dazzled sight,
Stript of the pomp and trappings of the Stage,
Strong is thy diction, and sublime thy rage;
Great in your self, you want no foreign art
To raise compassion, and awake the heart,
The secret springs of nature to controul,
And touch the different passions of the soul.

Accept, my friend, these tributary lays
(If by that name I may presume to praise)
Permit me, last, thy full applause to crown,
And join the publick CHORUS of the Town.

St. JOHN's *College, Oxon. Feb.* 3. 1718-19.

THE BOTTLE-SCRUE.

A TALE.

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit. Hor.

THE Patten, Fan, and Petticoat,
Three modern Themes of ſpecial note,
In parlous rhimes immortal live,
ſ rhimes immortal life can give;
he Mouse-trap in ſonorous lays
ranſmits thro' ages Tarry's praiſe;
hile ſtill unſung in pompous ſtrains,
h! ſhame! the Bottle-scrue remains,

The BOTTLE-SCRUE, whose worth, whose use
All men confess, that love the juice;
Forgotten sleeps this man, to whom
We owe th'invention, in his tomb,
No publick honours grace his name,
No pious Bard records his fame,
Elate with pride and joy I see
The deathless task reserv'd for me.

Say, gentle Muse, in living song,
Whence first this useful engine sprung,
And THOU, who (if report speak true)
In pocket always bear'st thy SCRUE,
Accept, D——NE, in youthful days,
The homage which the Poet pays.

Once on a time, of mortal men,
(No matter where, no matter when)
There liv'd a jolly, country Vicar,
Who lov'd the Church, and eke his liquor,

What was his name, I do not read
In BAKER, HOLLINGSHEAD, or SPEED,
But thro' the progreſs of our Poem,
By name of ROGER you muſt know him.

Some little faults this ROGER had,
But of the dead, mum! nothing bad;
As that he *rarely paid his debts*,
And others, which the Muſe forgets;
Our buſineſs 'tis his faults to hide,
And only ſhew his better ſide.

All writers in this point agree,
That he was joviſant and free,
A merry Wight! and after Maſs,
Would ſmoke his pipe, and drink his glaſs:
Oft fond of mirth and converſation,
Or preſs'd by courteous invitation,
To neighb'ring farmers he'd repair,
And ſpend a winter ev'ning there;

Sometimes of grizly ſprights would talk,
That in white ſheets at midnight walk,
'Till all the liſt'ning children groan,
And dare not go to bed alone;
Sometimes would on the muſick play,
Or *putt*, to paſs the time away,
Sometimes to raviſh'd clowns would ſpeak
Mouthfuls of *Latin* and of *Greek*,
His logick ſhew and claſſick knowledge,
And tell of merry freaks at College;
Play with the louts at *Chriſtmas* games,
And in their abſence — with their dames;
For wary *Clerks* learn all theſe arts
To gain eſteem, and conquer hearts.

It chanc'd, as old traditions ſay,
That on a certain holiday,
The 'Squire, deſigning to carouze,
Some friends invited to his houſe;

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt, as was moſt fitting,
To ſanctify the merry meeting,
The Parſon, if we credit fame,
Was ſent for and *preciſely* came.

Supper now waited on the board,
The gueſts ſtand round, and at the word,
Sir ROGER, with a ſolemn face,
Held forth his hat, and ton'd a grace,
He ſaid, and hemming thrice aloud,
Sate down, and venerably bow'd.

Plain, not luxurious was the feaſt,
But what a gen'rous heart confeſs'd;
Firſt, on the diſh ſublimely rear'd,
The famous *Britiſh Loin* appear'd,
Whoſe worth our loftieſt praiſe deſerves,
Great builder of the warrior's nerves!
Two Turkies next the footman bore,
Which lately gobbled at the door,

But oh! how very short their ſpan?
Unhappy fowls! the food of man!
The careful matron, from whoſe hand
To peck the grain they wont to ſtand,
From weeping ſcarcely could refrain,
To ſee her pretty poultry ſlain.
The feaſt a diſh of Wild-fowl crown'd,
Which on the neighb'ring woody ground,
The 'Squire himſelf had lately kill'd,
A ſportſman, moſt exactly ſkill'd;
Full oft unerring from afar,
Forth trudg'd he to the Sylvan war,
In ſearch of Foes, with ruthleſs mind,
Dreaded by all the feather'd kind,
For let 'em that way fly or this,
Seldom the 'Squire was known to miſs.

Thus far premis'd, 'tis now high time
To check our long-digreſſing rhime,

The taſk intended to purſue,
And of our tale reſume the clue;
Wherefore the ſupper now was over,
And THOMAS brought up the *October*;
The hoary bottle ſeem'd to tell,
That all within was ripe and well;
When ſtudious to extract the Cork,
Sir ROGER ſet his teeth to work;
This way and that the Cork he ply'd,
And wrench'd in vain from ſide to ſide;
In vain his ivory grinders ſtrain'd,
For ſtill unmov'd the Cork remain'd;
And as a Chieftain ſtout in fight,
Exerts his utmoſt, warlike might,
Loth to deſert his doſtin'd poſt,
And ſee his raviſh'd honours loſt,
So did the Cork maintain the field;
And ſcorn'd to human force to yield,
Still kept the ſeat, each ſhock repreſs'd,
Which in the cellar it poſſeſs'd.

At length, enrag'd with foul defeat,
The *Levite* burn'd with fiercer heat;
And grown by thirſt more valiant far,
He meditates a ſecond war;
Firm on the ſpungy Cork he plac'd
His doubty thumb, and downwards preſs'd
The yielding wood, — but oh! dire luck!
Faſt in its place his own thumb ſtuck.
Loudly the pleas'd ſpectators laugh'd,
With pain and ſhame the Parſon chaf'd,
Long did he ſtrive, with adverſe fate,
His captive thumb to extricate,
Nor could his liberty regain,
Till hammer broke the glaſſy chain;
Leave to withdraw the Prieſt deſir'd,
And bowing, ſullenly retir'd.

Homewards with flying ſteps he ſped,
Smok'd half a pipe, and went to bed,

Where pond'ring for awhile he lay
On the miſcarriage of the day;
At length the ſtyles of ſleep aſſail
And gently ſeal his cloſing eyes.
Now thro' the gloom of pitchy night,
There ſtood preſented to his ſight,
Or ſeem'd to ſtand, the God of wine,
Known by his *Thyrſus* and his Vine,
Which cluſt'ring round his ample head,
His broad impurpled cheeks o'erſpread:
This hand a *Cork-ſcrew* did contain,
And that a Bottle of *Champaign*,
He ſate majeſtick on his Tun,
And ſaid, "Hail! dreadful, rev'rend Son,
"Whoſe *bulky paunch* and *roſy face*
"Proclaim thee of the toping race,
"Behold in me thy darling God,
"At whoſe imperial, awful nod,
"Immortal Deities get drunk,
"And lewdly rave for mortal punk,

" Your groſſer flesh and blood putting
" And tread on ſolid nerves and bone,
" Scorn their own thin, unbody'd Dames,
" And ſcorch in ſenſual, human flames;
" For *we*, to give mankind their due,
" Love a *tit bit*, as well as you.

" Laſt night (for we above, you know,
" See all things that are done below)
" I ſaw thy conſcious ſhame and grief,
" And come to miniſter relief;
" For lo! this crooked inſtrument
" All future miſchief ſhall prevent.
Thus, with a ſmile, kind Bacchus ſpoke,
And in his hand the weapon took,
He ſlipt it o'er his finger-joint,
And to the Cork apply'd the point,
Gently he turn'd it round and round,
Till in the midſt its ſpires were wound,

Then bending earthward low, betwixt
His knees the Bottle firmly fixt,
And giving it a ſudden jerk,
From its cloſe priſon wrench'd the Cork:
The wine now iſſu'd at command,
When, with a bumper in his hand,
Your health, Sir ROGER, quoth the God,
Sir ROGER gave a reverend nod,
In a full brimmer pledg'd his gueſt,
And gravely tokſed to the laſt,
They chat together, drink and fill,
And like two inkle-weavers ſwill,
'Till both begin to lagg the lip,
See double, ſtare like pig'ſ hind clip,
Then, hugging, take a parting glaſs,
(But *dream-wiſe* all this came to paſs)
His Deity reel'd home to heaven,
And maſter ROGER ſtaggered ſtraight
" The hint, which then your kindly gave,
" Accompliſh and oblige your ſlave,

Up ſtrait he got, in joyous haſte,
And recollecting what had paſs'd,
How with a God he ſpent the night,
His heart exulted with delight,
Each circumſtance, their talk, their wine,
Prov'd his late viſitor divine,
The thought of which celeſtial favour,
Gave a new turn to his behaviour,
Wore off the gloom of laſt night's ſplene,
Intent to form the new machine,

But firſt, to his paternal gueſt
This ſhort petition he addreſs'd;
" Thrice honour'd parent, whoſe dear name
" The jovial ſons of earth obey,
" If yet the racy fumes alcoſol,
" Which ſeiz'd laſt night thy gracious head,
" The hint, which then you kindly gave,
" Accompliſh and oblige your ſlave,

" Fo

" For the great work my arm inſpire,
" To bend aright the ſtubborn wire,
" To grind the edge, no eaſy thing!
" And for the finger ſhape the Ring;
" So yearly, at thy hallow'd ſhrine,
" I'll ſacrifice a tun of wine.

He ſpoke, and with his lifted eyes
Saw the God poſting from the ſkies.

Now to the mighty taſk he ſets
His hands, and o'er the anvil ſweats,
Firſt puts the iron in the fire,
And hammers out the glowing wire,
Then tortures it in curls around,
As tendrils on the vine are found,
Sharpens the bottom, rounds the top,
And finiſh'd leaves it from the ſhop;
Well-pleas'd, a BOTTLE-SCREW he names it,
And ſacred to the God proclaims it.

This

This curious Engine, ſays the Pride,
Shall ſtretch my fame from Weſt to Eaſt,
Me the fox-hunting, tipling Squire,
And punning Curate ſhall admire;
Me ſhall the raking Templer praiſe,
And Altars to my glory raiſe,
When privately he treats his Whore,
And this fam'd Scurra ſcours the doors;
By me ſhall Birmingham become
In future days, more fam'd than Rome,
Shall owe to me her reputation;
And ſerve with Bottle-ſcrews the nation.

F. I. N. I. S.

This

Lately Publiſh'd.

STREPHON's Revenge, a Satire on the OXFORD *Toaſts*. Inſcrib'd to the Author of *Merton Walks*. The third Edition.

——— *Moveat cornicula riſum,*
Furtivis nudata coloribus ——— Hor.
Si natura neget, facit indignatio verſum. Juvenal.

Price One Shilling.

II. A Letter from a Student in *Grubſtreet* to a Reverend high Prieſt, and Head of a College in OXFORD; containing an account of a malicious Deſign to blacken him and ſeveral of his Friends.

——— *At ille*
Qui me commbrit (melius non tangere clamo)
Flebit, & inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

To which is added a Poſtſcript on Dr. CRASSUS. Price One Shilling.

III. The OXFORD Criticks, a Satire.

An, ſiquis atro dente me petiverit
Inultus, ut ſlebo puer? Hor.

Dedicated to Doctor CRASSUS. Price Six Pence.

Lately Publish'd.

TERRHON's Revenge, a Satire on the OXFORD Tasters. Inscrib'd to the Author of Merton Walks. The third Edition.

——— Mœrent convivia ritûm,
——— Hor.
Tristis & attonitis cœlebs indignatio vultûm. Juvenal.

Price One Shilling.

II. A Letter from [illegible] in Greenstreet to a Reverend high Priest, and Head of a College in OXFORD; containing an account of a Treacherous Design to blacken [illegible] and several of [illegible]

——— Ne ille
Qui me commentit (malitiæ non fuerit elamo)
Frelit, & ingenuis toga candoribus urat.

To which is added a Postscript on Dr. CRASSUS. Price One Shilling.

III. The OXFORD Cuckold, a Satire.

Ah, fugiat ultra deorum me pertæsum
Inultus, ut fœdo puer? Hor.

Dedicated to Doctor CRASSUS. Price Six Pence.